

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1294.—March 20, 1869.

CONTENTS.

1. CHARLES DICKENS,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	707
2. VERY LATEST ROBINSON CRUSOE,	<i>Once a Week</i> ,	720
3. A MARINE CANDLE,	<i>Once a Week</i> ,	721
4. THE COUNTRY-HOUSE ON THE RHINE. Part XVIII. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the Ger- man for <i>The Living Age</i> ,	<i>Die Presse</i> ,	722
5. VAPOURS, FEARS, AND TREMORS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	738
6. THE CHINESE MISSION TO CHRISTENDOM,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	746
7. FROM AN ISLAND. By Miss Thackeray,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	756
8. COURT-DRESS REFORM,	<i>Morning Post, &c.</i> ,	766
9. COUNT BISMARCK ON THE STATE OF EUROPE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	768

POETRY.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD: BY	POLLY'S LIFE,	706
A PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY,	VERY LATEST ROBINSON CRUSOE,	720

NEW BOOKS:

From Hosford & Sons, New York.

THE MOTHER AT HOME AND HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, Edited by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. Jan. Feb. Mar. 1869.

[Looking over the contents of these three numbers, we find a variety of living subjects, some of which are contributions from Mr. Beecher himself. It will surely be a good magazine.—Price \$1.50 for a year.]

JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE:

A HOUSE OF CARDS, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Price 75 cents.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, and other celebrated characters of the time of George II., several of which have already appeared in the *LIVING AGE*, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be issued from this office, in book form, as soon as completed.

LETTICE LISLE.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER, by Mr. TROLLOPE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the *LIVING AGE*, in numbers, price \$10.

POLLY'S LIFE.

I RISE in the morning early, and get the breakfast spread;
I wash and dress the little ones, and make their milk and bread;
I walk with them to school, and then come back to mother,
To help her in the kitchen, or to sew a shirt for brother.

I sweep the floors, and dust the rooms; I get the dinner ready;
And all the neighbours wish their girls were as neat, and clean, and steady;
The lads look after me, and say: 'Her eyes and teeth are jolly;
Her voice how sweet, how small her feet; no lady's like our Polly.'

So I bow and smile to Dick, and I laugh and nod to Harry;
But they're much mistaken if they think I e'er intend to marry;
They only see half of my life, the part that they think real;
Ah, when my working-day is o'er, I live in a world ideal.

And when at night 'tis time to go to my chamber next the skies,
They would be surprised if they could see how it looks in Polly's eyes;
The bare white walls are hung with pink (it suits my complexion best),
And velvet curtains fall to the floor; and how grandly I am drest.

With ribbons rare my raven hair is decked by my waiting-maid,
Or bound with pearls, or flashing gems, and wreathed in many a braid;
Rich lustrous silks are softened by folds of beautiful lace;
Bracelets of gold clasp my rounded arms, and earrings hang by my face.

And then with my fan, and flowers so sweet, I start for brilliant balls;
And lords and ladies are glad to greet the beauty that graces their halls;
Lord Walter claims my hand for a waltz, and we're soon among the dancers;
And then Sir Frederick calls me false, though I promised him the Lancers!

Too soon my chaperon, Lady Maud, says she really can wait no longer;
I whisper Lord Walter, I'll ride with him next week if I feel stronger;
We had walked in the winter-garden, he had plucked a rose for my hair;
I placed it myself in a china vase: I wake—it is not there.

But the six o'clock bell is ringing for the men to go to work;
The children are having a game of play (that Bobby is such a Turk);
And I make my father's coffee, and I wash the steps of the door.—
What shall I say to Lord Walter when we meet in the blue boudoir?
Chambers' Journal.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD: BY A PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY.

You need not ask to press my cheek, —
Too cheeky that would be by far;
'Tis useless, sir, to sing each week,
That I'm your own and guiding star.
I know no lane but Drury Lane,
Where we should meet when clocks strike nine;
And what's the use, you stupid goose,
Of calling me your Valentine?

You need not buy a silly sheet
Of tinsell'd note, stuck o'er with doves,
Where idiotic creatures meet
To tell, in trashy verse, their loves.
I'm not a mild, raw schoolgirl now,
To gush with rapture at a line;
So, 'tis no use, you stupid goose,
To send me now a Valentine.

Saint Valentine's a worthless saint
To deal in naught but scrawls and rhymes;
We cannot live on cakes of paint
In these expensive modern times.
Love's offerings now should take a shape
Substantial, solid, sound, and fine;
But 'tis no use, you silly goose,
To post me as your Valentine.

On many things you might expend
Your money, with much better taste;
And, if a pound on me you'd spend,
Don't that same pound on paper waste,
A box of gloves, a scent-case, fan,
A brooch, a bracelet, gems that shine;
There'd be some use, you dear old goose,
In sending such a Valentine!

Think, ere your money you invest
On Cupids, darts, or senseless dove, —
He loveth best who payeth best
For useful presents to his love.
'What present should you send?' — I'm plain.
A plain gold ring is in my line!
There'd be some use, you dear old goose,
In such a solid Valentine.

Once a Week.

From The Contemporary Review.
CHARLES DICKENS.*

WHETHER or not Mr. Dickens will be popular a century hence is a question quite impossible to decide, and therefore very unprofitable to discuss. Very few books of one age are really *popular* in the next — read, that is, by the many, and not merely cherished by the few; nor is it often easy to fix on the particular quality which has kept them afloat, when so many other, and not unfrequently, to a critical taste, worthier craft have, as far as general appreciation goes, sunk hopelessly beneath the waves of time. But whether our great grandchildren do or do not read Mr. Dickens, they will all the same have to recognise that their great-grandfathers certainly did. Let them form what judgment they please on the fact, there it will be, distinct and undeniable. On the annals of English literature, during at least half of this nineteenth century, he has written his name in broad and ineffaceable characters. His popularity has nothing in it of the *esoteric*. It is not that he has his band, larger or smaller, of faithful devotees, but is unknown or disregarded by the world at large. On the contrary, we may safely say that no writer of the present day addresses so widely varied a constituency of readers. Not a few of his *dramatis personæ* have won a place among the recognised "properties" of literature; and their sayings and doings are used as illustrations with a tacit assumption that they will be familiar to everybody. All this is patent on a merely *ab extra* view. One who had never opened a book of Mr. Dickens's would still, if he kept *au courant* with what was going on around, have to recognise him as one of the great literary facts of the age. As such he is worthy of careful investigation. To have laid hold of the mind of his time as he has done is, limit it and qualify it as we may, no slight achievement. On *a priori* grounds we should say that it necessarily implies the presence in him of something original, and striking, and his own — in a word, of genius. Nor, in our judgment, does experience contradict this natural presumption. In spite of all his imperfections and faults, his manifold sins

of commission as well as of omission, we still hold him to be emphatically a man of genius. He is not thereby excused; far otherwise. The gifts in his case having been great, the aims should have been high, and the execution perfect in proportion. If they have not been, so much the worse, as he can hardly be acquitted on the ground of invincible ignorance. It is better that we should make this profession of faith in Mr. Dickens at starting. We shall have very much to say in the way of criticism, and even censure; and are conscious that our estimate will fall far short of what his devoted admirers think his due; but that his gift is real genius seems to us indisputable.

There is a preliminary question that may be asked of Mr. Dickens, as of all artists whatever their degree. Is he artist only, or moralist as well? No doubt, to a certain extent, *all* artists are also moralists. No picture can be painted, no poem or story written, which, beyond fulfilling the primary end of art, the production of beauty, may not also exercise a distinctly moral influence; calling forth aspirations hitherto dormant; suggesting new aims, or lines of conduct; strengthening or weakening old associations, loves, or aversions. Some sort of moral bias, some leaning this way or that, evinced in choice of theme and mode of treatment, must be perceived in the workmanship of every artist. But, though it is a question of more or less, still the more or the less makes all the difference. Inasmuch as each artist is a complete man, and his work springs from his whole nature, not a part of it, some manifestation of what he is himself, must needs be found in it; and he may be conscious that this is so, and that its effect is more than purely artistic. But it is one thing to produce an effect involuntarily, and merely because it is of necessity inseparably connected with one that is aimed at, and quite another to go about to attain it. To the pure artists, such as Shakespeare (if we may presume to assert anything positive of that obscure and mysterious personality) and Goethe, as long as their work satisfied the conditions of artistic perfection, its moral influence seems to have been a thing wholly indifferent. Nothing of the kind was by them either

* The Works of Charles Dickens. "Charles Dickens" Edition. Chapman and Hall.

sought after or avoided; it came, if it did come, as an accident, and had to be accepted as part of the nature of things. And among living novelists the same characteristic is, in the main, observable in George Eliot. We do not mean that she has not strong moral convictions — undoubtedly she has; but in the construction of her stories artistic suitableness is the only influencing consideration. They are like life: the meaning may be read; but the incidents are no more shaped with the view of conveying it, than other people live and act in order to afford us the instruction we may nevertheless, if we choose, derive from watching their careers. The case is very different with Mr. Dickens. He has a Theory of Life; he has strong though vague and uninstructed notions upon what he considers certain abuses and wants in our political and social system; he is, in his own way, an ardent reformer. And his convictions have, from the first, impressed themselves as motive principles on his books. Nearly every one has even partaken of the nature of the political essay. Witness the attacks on the law and lawyers in "Pickwick" and "Bleak House;" on workhouse administration in "Oliver Twist" and "Our Mutual Friend;" and on the management of public business in "Little Dorrit." Whether he is right or wrong in these is not to our present purpose; what we maintain is, that in all his novels Mr. Dickens has a distinct and conscious moral aim which inspires and dominates over the narrative.* Of course we have not to deal with a hand that will drive home the lessons it wishes to convey by violent and clumsy *tours de force*. The bad boy will not casually meet a lion and be eaten up alive; and the good boy will not light upon an old pot full of guineas whilst virtuously cultivating his garden. But while George Eliot weaves her stories without seeming anxiety as to their moral effect — the lesson lies ready to hand if we care to draw it, but is not sought after; with Mr. Dickens the doctrines are not only latent in the stories, they are their for-

mative principle — the stories are built up so as to body them forth to best advantage. It is no more than justice to say that this is generally done with the hand of a master — so well done that it can hardly be seen to be done at all. Mr. Dickens's skill in construction is so great that he blinds all eyes not on the watch to the trick and artifices to which he has recourse to bring about the desired results, the unnaturalness of the atmosphere in which he habitually makes us dwell.

That Mr. Dickens, having a doctrine to preach as well as a story to tell, should, as an artist, be, as we certainly consider him, an Idealist, not a Realist, is no more than natural. Nevertheless, the assertion may well sound startling. The bulk of his characters, it may be said, are invariably ordinary, common-place people — tradespeople, clerks, and artisans, and their wives and families; his scenes are laid in places familiar to every one; and his plots turn on incidents of every-day life. If he does not paint reality, then who does? But the difference lies not in the subject-matter of the representation, but in style of treatment. Here, again, it is a question of more and less. All art is, and must be, idealization. A mere copy of the facts of nature or of human life, in so far as it was possible, which it would be only to a very limited extent, would seem unlike them. We see this in the case of the Præ-Raphaelites who insist on ignoring the legitimate devices by which painting makes up for that want of perspective involved in the enforced use of a plain surface. Their works may be the most faithful reproduction of the natural originals, and yet by very reason of their faithfulness they seem utterly unnatural. So is it with the novelist. He cannot copy life by telling *all* about his characters, all that they did, said, and felt. No novel can be written except by means of compression, and of what Mr. Fitzjames Stephen calls "grouping," both highly idealistic processes. The characters, be they few or many, have to be arranged with reference to their action on each other, and external influences are excluded or ignored. Now in life we do not thus form little sets whose chief interest lies in watching the careers and fortunes of some one or two prominent members. No man

* "Pickwick" ought, perhaps, to be excepted; not that that also does not teem with its author's doctrines, but because the fragmentary and but slightly-connected character which distinguishes it from his other writings renders it impossible to assign to it any special moral.

ever yet spent the greater part of his time in speculating on the progress of his friend's love affairs. But though all art must needs be idealization, the idealization may be carried to a greater, or a less extent, and hence the accepted classification of artists into idealists and realists. The essential principle of difference between the two we take to be this. Granting that his presentments cannot be exact copies of nature, the realist, nevertheless, aims that they shall be as little unlike as the necessities of art allow of; while the idealist cares nothing for such deviations from fact, if the leading idea he seeks to convey is thereby more fully and perfectly expressed. The realist, knowing how much a man's circumstances and surroundings do tell on his character, dwells on these, and endeavours to make us understand the influences that have formed him and work on him; he shrinks, not only from the improbable, but the unusual; and prefers to paint emotions rather as we see them commonly experienced than in the more perfect manifestations conceivable by imagination. Mr. Anthony Trollope's love-scenes, for instance, are not very poetical, and sometimes not even very coherent; but, all the same, they do represent the exact way in which average young men and women behave in that episode of their lives. The idealist, on the other hand, having once grasped the conception of a character, seeks to show it in such circumstances as most fully expose its strength and weakness, and illuminate all its aspects in turn. Circumstance is only important as the indispensable means of bringing out character, and is dwelt on no more than is necessary for that end. No doubt perfection in art involves a mastery of both methods — of the imaginative grasp of the idealist, and the sensitiveness to *vraisemblance* of the realist; and in approximating towards this supreme excellence, George Eliot, among living writers, stands alone. As a type of pure realism in literature it will be long before Mr. Thackeray is surpassed. It has been said that we know his characters as if we had lived with them. That is the very impression we get. We know them as acquaintances, as much and no more. We can even fancy that we know the style of

their dress and the tones of their voices; and are quite certain how they are likely to speak and feel under given emergencies. But we do not see into them. That which lies behind, and is the cause of the outward manifestations, the men and women themselves, we do not know. Of those *adyta* of self opened-up to us in Shakespeare we get no glimpse in Mr. Thackeray.

Now the similarity which presents itself on the surface between Mr. Dickens's methods of treatment and those of the realists is so striking, that it is no wonder that he should usually be numbered among them. His minuteness and elaborateness of detail; the pains he takes to make us form some sort of picture of his characters; and the prominence with this view given to Mr. Dombey's cravat, Captain Cuttle's glazed hat, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, and Mr. Wilfer's curly hair; the tricks, and mannerisms, and oddities of phrase he is so fond of assigning to them — all seem to stamp him as of the class who seek to reproduce that which is as nearly as it is as possible, rather than of those who would show some element of human nature at its most complete development, freed from the incongruities and hindrances which in actual life would be so likely to hang about it and cramp its action. Nevertheless we are persuaded that an idealist he is. For, if looked into, this carefulness about details, and accessories, and colouring, will be found to have the form of realism without the power thereof. It seems at first sight to spring from that anxious endeavour after *vraisemblance*, which is the mark of realism. But further investigation shows that the realism is illusory; that we are introduced to a state of things quite inconsistent with fact — a world peopled by grotesque impossibilities. Of course the objection might be urged that this was due to clumsiness and want of power on the part of the writer; his aims were the aims of the realist, and failure the most stupendous could only prove him a bad artist, not an artist of a different school. But can we suppose Mr. Dickens the bungler he must be held on this hypothesis? Want of skill in workmanship is almost the last fault we should think of imputing to him, and if his aim had really been to rep-

resent what he had seen as he had seen it, he would have found no difficulty in getting a great deal nearer the mark.

The reason why there is naturally so much hesitation (a hesitation in which, we own, we long shared) in ranking Mr. Dickens with the idealists is, we think, that there is a very general tacit assumption that idealization implies the *exaltation* of the character idealized. Their lineaments are on a grander scale; their harmony more complete than what is met with in ordinary life. Mr. Browning has perfectly expressed this view of the matter in giving the results of Greek art in his poem "Old Pictures at Florence":—

"When Greek Art ran and reached the goal,
Thus much had the world to boast *in fructu*.
The truth of Man, as by God first spoken,
Which the actual generations garble,—
Was re-uttered, and Soul (which Limbs betoken)
And Limbs (Soul informs) made new in marble.

"So you saw yourself as you wished you were,
As you might have been, as you cannot be;
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there:
And grew content in your poor degree
With your little power, by those statues' godhead,
And your little scope, by their eyes' full away,
And your little grace, by their grace embodied,
And your little date, by their forms that stay."

But idealization is not necessarily limited to the production of the heroic; its action is just as real when the result is only the grotesque. Its aim is simply to express the type, the idea, with the utmost possible force, and vividness, and freedom from counteracting influences. And so, while beauty and sublimity become more beautiful and sublime, ugliness and absurdity are more ugly and absurd. Greek and Italian art give humanity at an impossible *best*; farce and caricature at an equally impossible *worst*. Now Mr. Dickens's genius seems to us essentially akin to that of the farce-writer and the caricaturist. Of course a caricature must be *like* the thing caricatured, else it would altogether miss fire, but it seizes on some one or two striking points in its object, and by bringing them out with exaggerated prominence, destroys the relation in which they actually stand to the rest. We think Mr. Dickens will be found to work in an analogous way in many of his most celebrated characters. He lays hold of some trick or peculiarity of manner or phrase in a man, and so elaborates this—idealizes it—that everything else is obscured. The man is identified with it; it seems the key-note of his whole nature. In fact, he has no nature; but the trick is

cunningly used as a centre, or moral backbone, on which to fashion what professes to be a being of like passions with ourselves, but is really as pure a creation of fancy as a hydra or a griffin. Is not, for instance, Carker's whole personality bound up in his teeth? Are they not made, as it were, a medium through which we are compelled to view him? Take away his white teeth, and his half-smiling, half-snarling display of them, and the whole image vanishes into air. Of anything really human, no knowledge, no conception has been afforded us. And though Carker, and Uriah Heep, and the like are, we grant, exceptional in regard to the *extent* to which the method of caricature has dominated over the workmanship, still the principle is ever the same. We have no hesitation in saying that whenever Mr. Dickens has produced a marked and memorable character—one that has established its position as, in its way, a real artistic creation, in distinction to the vague and meaningless walking gentlemen and ladies who fill so large a space in his stories—the result will be found to have been brought about by the lavish use of the exaggerations and distortions, the tricks and artifices of caricature. And these phantoms move amid equally phantom-like circumstances. All honour to Mr. Dickens's great constructive power. Merely as *stories* his novels are generally excellent; and when content to rely for his effects on *vis comica*, he is at no loss for incidents and situations exquisitely amusing, and adapted to bring out just those features of the actors he wishes to look at. But for pictures of life!—why *Box and Cox* itself, with its two heroes habitually occupying the same room, and "only by the merest accident discovering one another's existence, is hardly more ludicrously extravagant. What do we meet with in "Pickwick" but a funny fairyland? And we believe that it is just because this is so, and that here Mr. Dickens has given his genius the fullest scope, that the general verdict, with which we altogether agree, places it at the head of his works. That it is utterly unlike any actual state of things is of course obvious; so is a pantomime, and none the worse for that. From a realistic point of view it is a tissue of absurdities and impossibilities, but as a certain kind of idealism it is very nearly perfect. All that the ingenuity of man can get out of puppets, Mr. Dickens succeeds in getting; but then comes the limit. When he abandons the field of farce for loftier aims, where its methods are inapplicable, he at once makes us sensible of his deficiencies.

Success requires the employment of tools over which he has a most imperfect mastery, or none at all, and the result naturally is failure — failure often so absolute and unequivocal, as to tempt one in moments of uncontrollable irritation to ignore his many excellences, and pronounce him — how unjustly, we are well aware — as, after all, nothing more than a consummate literary charlatan.

The causes of this curious mixture of success and failure — of striking merit and glaring imperfection, in Mr. Dickens's productions, are not far to seek. We have already partly indicated them in characterizing his genius as akin to that of the caricaturist and the farce-writer, but the point requires a fuller elucidation. We have said that his realism is illusory; we may now add that his idealism is arbitrary. He seeks to produce the effects of idealistic art by idealizing that which is not legitimately susceptible of idealization at all, or, at any rate, to more than a very limited extent. Mr. Dickens works from the eye, not the imagination. He creates, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Carlyle's, "from the clothes inwards," not "from the heart outwards." In power of observation he is a giant: one would say that every scene he has witnessed, every company he has mixed in, has stamped its characteristics on his mind as available artistic material. In this sense he certainly knows men: he can "reckon them up," like his own Mr. Bucket; but this is rather the knowledge of a sharp detective than of a philosopher. But mere observation, however quick a sense it may give for the peculiarities of individual men, affords no general imaginative insight into human nature; and this is Mr. Dickens's stumbling-block, inasmuch as such insight is indispensable to all idealism other than grotesque. For artistic purposes it is indeed lawful to suppress much that may stand in the way of the full expression of the type, and to set it off by surroundings more suitable than might be afforded by strict adherence to every-day probability. But art, as Dr. Newman says of wisdom, "never deals with a part without remembering that it is *but* a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection;" and this license must not be interpreted as opening the door to sheer contradiction and impossibility. Though the painter may be painting only a profile, he must know the proportions of the full face. All need not be shown, but it must be sufficiently indicated to make us feel that if it were shown it would be in harmony with the part we see. For in-

stance, no man, probably, even in mediæval Italy, ever attained to the thorough intellectual selfishness of aim, and unscrupulousness as to means so long as they compassed his aim — an unscrupulousness which rendered them no more a question of morals to him than the nearest route to a given point in the distance — of Iago. The representation is not true of any individual man, but it is true of a certain side of human nature — that is, it is ideally true. It is a real tendency shown at its height — raised to the *n*th, as mathematicians say, unfettered by the checks and counter-influences which, fortunately, act upon it in life, and placed in circumstances that call it most powerfully into play, and give greatest room for its exercise. But though this is the leading element in Iago, and the one we are constrained to contemplate from first to last, there are other subordinate sides of his character — his wit, his capacity for business, his engaging manners — enough shown to keep him, so to say, *en rapport* with fact, and make us understand the part he plays in the drama. As conceived, he is throughout consistent and in keeping; there is nothing in him monstrous, or absurd, or unintelligible (as there would have been if, for example, he had been represented as a fond and devoted husband); given the premises, the conclusion follows, and the logic of art is fully satisfied. Let us take as a contrast Mr. Dombey, who is meant to be a marked character without being essentially comic. We have the author's own assurance that in him he intended to represent the effect of habitually indulged and ungoverned pride — pride is idealized in him, just as intellectual unscrupulousness is in Iago. How is this done? We have in Mr. Dombey a thing in stiffly-buttoned coat, and a highly-starched cravat, with a pompous manner, and a conviction that the firm of Dombey and Son is the central fact of the universe. Who ever thinks of the costume of Iago or Hamlet? and who does not think, and is not habitually made to think, of Mr. Dombey's? Try to imagine him in a wideawake hat, a loose collar, and a shooting-jacket, and he would be gone. Dombey's pride exists for Mr. Dickens in the buckram, and the starch, and the pomposity. It is these he has really idealized, and by means of them sought to express the moral nature of a man. The reason, on our theory, is plain. These were what Mr. Dickens *saw*, and so could deal with. Intensify and skilfully combine these elements, and you have the process of which that unintelligible and unpleasant phenomenon, Mr. Dombey, is

the result. Any attempt at an analysis of his character would be a failure, for the simple reason that there is nothing really like character to analyze. His pride in his wealth and his influence on 'change does not account for his persistently disliking his daughter. Old Osborne, in "Vanity Fair," has much the same kind of pride, and is savage enough to his children sometimes, but he does not hate them. Mr. Dombey delights in deference and submission; Florence only wants to be allowed to be the most docile of slaves, yet he cannot endure her. His pride and self-absorption might lead him to be an indifferent father, but not wantonly unkind and harsh. If Mr. Dickens knows the explanation, why does he give no hint of it? But it is just these "missing links," this artistic harmony and completeness of outline, that he so signally fails in supplying, and does not himself seem in the least conscious of the deficiency. He has no imaginative grasp of Mr. Dombey's character; but he has a very keen perception how a pompous highly-starved man, endowed with intense self-conceit and pigheaded obstinacy, can be placed in situations which, if not probable, or even at variance with all laws that ordinarily govern human actions, will yet bring out his pomposity, and his stiff cravat, and his pig-headed obstinacy into fullest relief.

Now, when we have to do with a Sam Weller, whose final cause is but to raise a laugh, and whose *rationale* no one would ever dream of investigating, this method succeeds admirably. We are amused, and the end is gained. The more absurd a farce is, as long as it is striking, the better; the absurdity is its very *raison d'être*. But it is Mr. Dickens's fundamental sin as an artist that he carries the methods of farce into spheres where they are not applicable. As an idealist, he would produce something more ludicrous, or moving, or startling, as the case may be, than is consistent with a rigorous adherence to fact. A mere photograph of any phase of life, even if his powers lay in that direction, would not satisfy him. He cannot idealize after the true method, by grasping the central idea of the conception, and bringing it out freed from incumbrances. His imagination always stops at the surface — the outward peculiarities of the man, the accessory and subordinate features of the situation he would bring before us. By elaborately and even painfully dwelling on these, over-colouring them, exaggerating and distorting them, he strives to attain, as it were by a side wind, the effects of legitimate idealization. The opening of "The

Haunted Man," where the recluse sits in his chamber listening to the wind howling outside in the darkening winter evening, and Carker's flight in "Dombey and Son," are striking instances in point, but too long for quotation. We lose sight of the leading idea in the details with which it is overlaid. We see it in a light caught from the hues in which they are painted. Of course this jugglery is bad art, and is seen by a critical eye without much difficulty. Nevertheless, by means of it, Mr. Dickens does certainly succeed in producing strong and telling effects — effects in their way *sui generis* — and betokening powers of no common order. It is probably from a latent consciousness of the true bent of his genius — for, once more, genius it assuredly is — that he shows so marked a predilection for peopling his pages with "oddities." In dealing with these, Mr. Dickens stands, we think, unrivalled. No man's insight has been so keen as to *how* they might be used: no man's execution so perfect in using them. They afford just the subject-matter that suits him. They can all be created "from the clothes inwards," because they are nothing but *outside*. Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp, Captain Cuttle and Mr. Micawber, have no more intricacies of character to solve and render clear; no more conflicting impulses to harmonize, than Goody Two-shoes, or the giant Fi-Fo-Fum. They are regular "property" characters, so to speak, the ordinary material of novelists and dramatists for generations, and lying ready-made to any one's hand. It is in the *dressing* these simple and common-place natures that Mr. Dickens's originality and skill are so conspicuous. What he aimed at doing here, he has done perfectly; and to have attained perfection in any line, though it may not be a very high one, is not an achievement which criticism can consent to estimate lightly.

The general drift, then, of our previous remarks is, that Mr. Dickens, though he can succeed in idealizing the grotesque, fails in higher efforts, through the limitation both of his knowledge of, and imaginative sympathy with, human nature, and the insufficiency and unsuitableness of his methods in an unfamiliar field. An illustration may, perhaps, best show our meaning. We will take one of his most ambitious attempts — Mrs. Dombey. She is neither comic, nor, like the general run of his women, a mere unmeaning angel of beauty and goodness. The subject required to be treated after the manner of the higher school of art; with all the pains which Mr. Dickens has evidently bestowed upon it,

how has he succeeded? Is Edith Dombey as impressive and effective as he meant her to be? Do we get any clear idea of her? Is she anything to us but a beautiful woman, whose habitual mode of conducting herself would justify any jury in pronouncing her of unsound mind? Why did she marry Mr. Dombey when she disliked and despised him? The motives assigned, as far as any are, are wholly inadequate. She was not a woman to do what she did not like, to please her mother. She could afford to wait; and though in a state of genteel poverty, was neither absolutely in want of money, nor cared much about it. Why, when married, did she persistently make herself disagreeable on principle? And, more than ever, why did she run away with Carker? The incident is not only improbable and unnatural, it seems to us nothing short of monstrous. Mrs. Dombey is a mere enigma; her action inexplicable and arbitrary, dependent wholly on the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of Mr. Dickens. And yet the germ of the conception is good. Mr. Thackeray, who *did* understand human nature, took very much the same, and worked out Beatrice Esmond, who may rank as one of the very finest productions of modern literary art.* The germ, we say, is good, and, in the hands of a writer of the requisite gifts, — Mr. Charles Reade, for instance, to go no higher, — might easily have been made to fulfil its promise: An union between such a husband and such a wife, if by any means it could have been brought about (as it might in many ways, inadmissible as is the account Mr. Dickens gives of the matter), would be a fruitful theme, especially as complicated by the existence of Florence and her relations with the two. Much might have been made of it; very little is; very little, that is, when we have to do with a writer like Mr. Dickens, though it need hardly be said that his failures are beyond the successes of mediocrity. He fails here because he is on unknown ground. He has not really seized the meaning of his own creation. He has endowed her with qualities that could hardly coexist, and he does not understand their action — does not feel, for instance, that *no* consideration for herself or any one else would lead such a woman to submit to the degradation of holding confidential intercourse with a man like Carker, when she saw through him and

what he was driving at. And he knows no better way of expressing the passions that were boiling and surging within her, than by putting into her mouth declamation painfully suggestive of the heroine of a transpontine melodrama. The passions are a sealed book to Mr. Dickens; to get the effect of them, he can only exaggerate language.

This indifference to motive — this want of sense of its importance on which we have just been commenting, so characteristic as it is of the manner of farce — is a very marked feature in Mr. Dickens. He does not feel it incumbent on him to *account* for his characters. As long as the scene is shifted often enough, and the "business" of the piece does not flag, he seems to think his audience should be satisfied. He requires to be read with well-nigh as complete a submission to his guidance as the "Arabian Nights." As it may be objected to our illustration from Mrs. Dombey that we have selected a character which Mr. Dickens, both from his deficiencies and the bent of his genius, would find special difficulty in treating, we will take another, perhaps even better suited as a typical instance — old Martin Chuzzlewit. He is a personage far more within the range of Mr. Dickens's powers than Mrs. Dombey, with abundance of eccentricity, and nothing to speak of in the way of subtlety or complexity of character behind. And he is really grand in his way as a specimen of a human will completely emancipated from the tyranny of intelligible motives. At the beginning of the book the old man is introduced displaying the clearest insight into the hypocrisy and knavery of Pecksniff's character, and expressing himself to that effect in very unmistakable terms. Soon afterwards, however, without having had the least reason to alter his opinion, he resolves to put him to a further proof, and expose what neither he nor any one else, but an imbecile like Tom Pinch, entertained or could entertain the smallest doubt of. So he puts himself into Pecksniff's hands; lets him suppose that he trusts him unreservedly; and, to carry out his scheme more perfectly, even goes so far as to feign dotage. All who have read "Martin Chuzzlewit" — and who has not? — will remember the scene near the end where old Martin explains his conduct: —

"Observe," said Martin, looking round, "I put myself in that man's hands on terms as mean and base, and as degrading to himself as I could render them in words. I stated them at length to him, before his own children, syllable by syllable, as coarsely as I could, and with as

* It may be remarked, *en passant*, that in "Esmond," his most artistically-finished work, Mr. Thackeray has certainly *idealized*, especially in the character of Beatrice. The nature of the subject, probably, led naturally to this.

much offence, and with as plain an exposition of my contempt as words—not looks and manner merely—could convey. If I had only called the angry blood into his face, I would have wavered in my purpose. If I had only stung him into being a man for a minute, I would have abandoned it.”

“Once resolved to try him, I was resolute to pursue the trial to the end; but while I was bent on fathoming the depth of his duplicity, I make a sacred compact with myself to give him credit on the other side for any latent spark of goodness, honour, forbearance—any virtue that might glimmer in him. From first to last there has been no such thing, not once. He cannot say I have not given him opportunity. He cannot say I have ever led him on. He cannot say I have not left him freely to himself in all things; or that I have not been a passive instrument in his hands, which he might have used for good as easily as evil. Oh, if he can, he lies. And that’s his nature too.”—(*Martin Chuzzlewit*, p. 502, “Charles Dickens” Edition.)

So a great many people for whom Mr. Chuzzlewit has a strong affection are made to undergo much distress, both mental and bodily, in order that he may have the satisfaction of proving his relative to be a rather more thorough scoundrel than he all along knew him to be! And, for the sake of this tremendous result he is willing to play a part not, after all, particularly to his credit which must always have been difficult, and often very painful. Verily—

“Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.”

It is one of the most convincing proofs of Mr. Dickens’s genius, that his skill in arranging his incidents, and making things appear as he would have them, is so great, that there are probably but few readers who until their attention has been called to it, have ever dreamed of taking exception to this monstrous improbability. There is a wide field from which we might cull farther examples to the same effect, but *ex uno disce omnes*. “Bleak House,” however, is too striking an instance to be passed over without a word. Why should Mr. Tulkinghorn, whose time was valuable, give himself so much trouble to find out Lady Dedlock’s secret? Why should she fear his divulging it, when he could gain nothing, and might lose much by so doing: and when, if it had been divulged, it need not have affected her position unless she had chosen? Her excessive alarm is unintelligible; as is unintelligible as her walking—she, a delicately-nurtured woman—in bad weather the greater part of the way to St. Alban’s and back, without any particular rest or refreshment, one day, and spending the next wan-

dering about the streets of London.* Why did Hortense, the French waiting-maid, take off her shoes, and walk home barefoot through the wet grass? Why did she murder Mr. Tulkinghorn? Why—but to what purpose multiply questions which no man may answer? We have said enough, we think, to justify our estimate of Mr. Dickens as no psychologist: and without psychology, success in the higher walks of idealization is unattainable.

It is pleasant to turn to the brighter side of the picture, and express some of the admiration which Mr. Dickens, with all his shortcomings, cannot fail to inspire. It seems to us that hardly sufficient justice has been done to the great constructive power displayed in his stories considered as stories—as novels of incident, without regard either to their *verisemblance* or to the methods to which he has recourse to bring about his effects. It has been rather the fashion to treat them as merely pegs to hang characters on. In the many comparisons, favourable and otherwise, that we have read between him and Mr. Thackeray (comparisons very absurd, the two having nothing special in common save the accident that they were the first eminent English novelists who made use of the serial form), we have never, that we can remember, seen the distinction that exists here between the two dwelt upon. Beyond the most general outline, Mr. Thackeray seemed incapable of constructing a plot. His novels are a series of episodes which follow one another in time, but do not grow out of one another. Such unity as they possess is due only to the fact that some one or two principal persons play a prominent part throughout. Whether it was so or not we have no knowledge, but it seems often as if Mr. Thackeray wrote very much, as the saying is, “from hand to mouth,” and introduced characters or incidents according to the impulse of the moment, and without definite purpose: and then worked them out, or let them drop, as he subsequently found most convenient. Now there is none of this looseness of construction in Mr. Dickens. As well framed stories, perhaps there are no better models than

* Mr. Dickens apparently entertains very curious notions about the walking powers of ordinary people. Thus in “Pickwick,” the male guests at the wedding at Dingley Dell are made to take a five-and-twenty mile walk, between breakfast and dinner, to get rid of the effects of the wine. Has he any definite idea of what a five-and-twenty mile walk means, to men not in training? or the kind of preparation for it afforded by an over-dose of champagne? See also the pedestrian exploits of Eugene Wrayburn, when engaged in tormenting the school-master, Bradley Headstone, in “Our Mutual Friend.”

some of his earlier and greater novels—"David Copperfield," "Martin Chuzzlewit," or "Dombey and Son." This part of the work shows the conscientious labor of the true artist. There is no hurry, and no bungling. If the fullness and careful workmanship of his plots is contrasted with the poverty of incident, the sketchiness and slovenliness which disfigure the works of so many who yet are strong where he so signally fails, the critic may well say, "Cum talis es, utinam noster esses!" What might not Mr. Dickens have been if to his many natural gifts he had added culture: if he had spurned popularity, and resolved to aim at nothing short of perfection! He does not overwhelm and fret us with *minutiae*, after the fashion of Mr. Wilkie Collins, with whom the hero's making a memorandum with a quill pen instead of his wanted gold nib may be an incident pregnant with the gravest consequences, and most important to bear in mind. But from first to last there is hardly an incident introduced at random, and which does not bear on the plot; hardly a character really superfluous, and contributing nothing towards working out the general result. We may note, too, the care and skill with which the various lines of the story are made to converge and fit together, yet without strain or effort. It is true, of course, that Mr. Dickens's ignorance of, or indifference to, the laws of human action give him an advantage in weaving his plots somewhat similar to that enjoyed by the romance writers of former days, who could always avail themselves of spectres, or trap-doors, or secret springs in the wall, or providential bandits à discrétion. His little worlds are so completely subject to his fiat that it is not such a difficult task for him to produce order and harmony. But granting that the *dramatis personæ* are too often impossibilities or inanities, we must admit the dexterity with which they are moved about. His fertility in incident is so great that, coupled with the tendency to strong and glaring effects to which we have already adverted, it often leads him astray. One being as easy to him as the other, his taste is not sufficiently healthy to reject the improbable and extravagant, when the natural and simple would have served just as well. Witness the death of Krook, the old rag-and-bone-seller, from spontaneous combustion, in "Bleak House." It is a *vezata questio* whether what is called "spontaneous combustion" ever happened, or is possible, and this alone constitutes a grave objection against employing it in a novel, unless there were some strong counterbalancing advantage. But beyond an

opportunity for a little extra "sensationalism," nothing is gained. The old man had to die, and to die suddenly; but that was all, and that might have been managed in a dozen ways. It is no more than might be expected that Mr. Dickens with his quick eye for the use of accessories, should excel in the *setting* of his stories. This is by no means an unimportant merit. There are men who might have conceived Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, for instance, but would have spoiled their creation, or, at any rate, greatly weakened its effect, by painting them on an inappropriate background. But the old-fashioned inn, and the Manor Farm, with their good-fellowship, high living, and vulgar comfort, constitute a kind of *atmosphere* exactly suited to the existence of such creatures. We see them really coloured by its hues, though without thinking how much the picture owes to the medium.

To the question, "Is Mr. Dickens's genius dramatic or not?" we should answer, "Not dramatic but melodramatic." Melodrama, in the modern sense of the word, was recently very happily defined by the *Spectator* as, "that form of dramatic presentment which makes the evolution of character subsidiary to the evolution of strong situations." If the writer had had Mr. Dickens in his mind instead of Victor Hugo, he could not have characterized his manner with greater accuracy. The strong situation is something *external*, within the province of the eye, and may be brought about by that elaboration of detail wherein Mr. Dickens excels, without standing in need of analysis of character, in which he is so conspicuously weak. He seems in his so-called dramatic passages to have ever before him the aim of giving the scene as it would be represented on the stage. A very striking instance of this *scenic* tendency, as it may be called, is afforded in the night journey of Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mr. Montague Tigg. An artist of a different style would have eagerly availed himself of the opportunity for working out the mutual distrust, hate, and fear raging in the bosoms of the human actors, thus joined together in reluctant companionship. With Mr. Dickens they are hardly more than accessories—elements in keeping with the terror and fury of the storm, on which all his resources are lavished. The situation is undoubtedly strong—one of the strongest in the whole range of his writings; but the interest is altogether pictorial, and not psychological. In this instance the scene is good as it is, and its effect not marred by the absence of any attempt at using it as a means for the development of character, notice-

able as such absence on such an occasion is. But in another case of even higher merit—the murder of Nancy by Sikes, in “*Oliver Twist*”—Mr. Dickens’s deficiencies as a psychologist make themselves painfully felt:—

Without one pause, or moment’s consideration; without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution; his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin; the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it, softly, with a key; strode lightly up the stairs; and entering his own room, double locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying, half dressed, upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

“Get up!” said the man.

“It is you, Bill!” said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

“It is,” was the reply. “Get up.”

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

“Let it be,” said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. “There’s light enough for wot I’ve got to do.”

“Bill,” said the girl, in a low tone of alarm, “why do you look like that at me?”

The robber sat regarding her, for a few seconds, with dilated nostrils and heaving breast; and then grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

“Bill, Bill!” gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear. “I—I won’t scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!”

“You know, you she-devil!” returned the robber, suppressing his breath. “You were watched to-night: every word you said was heard.”

“Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours,” rejoined the girl, clinging to him. “Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. O! think of all I have given up, only this one night, for you. You *shall* have time to think and save yourself this crime: I will not loose my hold, you cannot shake me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God’s sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul, I have.”

The man struggled violently, to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

So far this is admirable; but then follows:—

“Bill,” cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, “the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them, on my knees, to show the same mercy and goodness to you; and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!” —(*Oliver Twist*, pp. 224, 225, “Charles Dickens” Edition.)

Is it conceivable that a girl like Nancy, in a moment of mortal agony, would talk to a man whom she knew, as she knew Bill Sikes, in this sentimental strain? No doubt there is a flavour of pathos and piety about it that may render it attractive to some minds. To us it seems to introduce an almost ludicrous element into a scene of real tragic power. Imagine Sikes’s brutal nature, inflamed to deadly wrath, softening before the prospect of ending his days in solitude and peace, and forgetting how he had lived, except in prayers! It is curiously illustrative of that tawdriness of taste, which is one of the worst of Mr. Dickens’s besetting sins, that he should have thus spoiled his own work, when excellent, for the sake of hanging on to it this bit of tinsel prettiness—much as a savage might think to set off the Venus di Medici by a necklace of glass beads.

There is no title which believers in Mr. Dickens more confidently insist on claiming for him than that of a great humourist. A humourist he most certainly is, and in his own line excellent; but then this line does not seem to us a very high one. His humour is hardly ever anything more than burlesque and caricature; and depending, therefore, as it necessarily must, altogether on exaggeration, is somewhat coarse and superficial. We quite grant his merits. Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Nickleby, and Mr. Micawber, for instance, as specimens of grotesque idealization, are thorough successes. But they are utterly unnatural. Now George Eliot, in her description of what she calls “the emmet-lives” of her Dodsons and Tullivers, shows every whit as keen a sense of the ludicrous as Mr. Dickens; but the humour of the representation is far more profound and subtle, consisting in the vividness of the incongruity which she feels, and makes us feel, between the poverty and narrowness of such lives, and the grandeur of the universe in which they are lived. There is no exaggeration or high colouring, and no need of them; no need of anything but the fine

sense to discern the facts, and the master-hand to paint them, so that we too may see. This perception of the greatness and littleness so strangely mingled in human life has, we think, been always a distinguishing feature in humourists of a high order. An under-current of sadness flows through all their mirth. It is hardly necessary to say that of such *nuances* as these there is no trace of appreciation in Mr. Dickens, and the absence of them leaves his humour wanting in depth and delicacy of tone. His only aim is to be "funny" and make us laugh, and so long as this result is gained he seems indifferent as to the means. Of course, he generally succeeds; on a first reading almost always; and there are touches here and there which, even after years of familiarity, we still find irresistibly comic. No one can help laughing when Mr. Pecksniff describes his place of abode, as "the little, unassuming village *where we take the liberty of dwelling*;" or says to young Martin, "You have struck me, my dear sir, with a stick, *which I have every reason to believe has knobs in it*." One cannot deny the humour here, but how artificial it is! There is no insight or subtlety in it; it is a mere happy bit of altogether farcical extravagance. There is a mannerism in Mr. Dickens's humour very effective at first, but which, after a while, we get to understand and see through, and then the charm is gone, like a conjuror's trick after it has been explained. His comic personages are too obtrusively and exclusively "funny." We recognize them at a glance as though they were the traditional motley, and are no more deluded into believing them human than Clown or Pantaloon himself. We laugh, but all the time we know that the incongruities and absurdities we are laughing at are quite beyond the possibilities of human nature. Nor must Mr. Dickens's great success in this line make us forget his failures. He distinctly meant Mr. and Mrs. Chick, for instance, in "Dombey and Son" to be comic characters, as much so as Mrs. Gamp herself, yet we question whether any but the feeblest of mortals ever managed to get a laugh out of them. And throughout the later novels — taking "Bleak House" as the first of these — the mannerism becomes more and more painfully apparent as the creative power gets weaker and weaker. Mr. Dickens is, of course, always Mr. Dickens, and flashes of the old fire shine out now and again, even in the dreary pages of "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend." But Joe and Mr. Wegg are sorry substitutes for Sam Weller. We cannot help feeling it is almost ungrateful to criticize a gift from which, in common with the

rest of our generation, we have derived so much enjoyment as Mr. Dickens's humour. It is artificial and forced, but it is great for all that. The trial scene in "Pickwick," Bob Sawyer's party, and the Sunday dinner at Todgers's, are in their way unsurpassed, and must live, one cannot but think, as long as the language lasts. There is a heartiness and unreserve about the fun which must ever make it popular with the multitude, which likes to laugh when it laughs, and cry when it cries, and has but little relish for those subtle suggestions of the abiding hardness and mystery of life which play through the humour of a George Eliot.

Mr. Dickens's pathos we can only regard as a complete and absolute failure. It is unnatural and unlovely. He attempts to make a stilted phraseology, and weak and sickly sentimentality do duty for genuine emotion. The result is that when he would move us most deeply he is apt to become rather a bore. Hard-hearted as it may sound, we must confess to having found little Paul Dombey and little Nell and Tiny Tim exceedingly tiresome, and to have been glad to be rid of them on any terms. The subject is too insignificant for the treatment it receives. Even as sentimentalism the art is a failure from being so much overdone. Mr. Dickens sets himself to work to make us cry just as openly and deliberately as to make us laugh, but his resources for producing the two effects are anything but equal. The pathos is "stagey;" it lacks simplicity, grace, dignity. Mr. Dickens cannot make sorrow beautiful, and does not seem to have realised that if he failed in doing this he ran a great risk of making it vulgar. Not all the "damnable iteration" with which he dwells on the woes of his Florence Dombey, and Esther Summerson, and the like, save them from appearing utterly silly and common-place young women. In truth, we should doubt if he has more than a faint understanding and appreciation of the beautiful. To art, for anything that he shows, one would say he was insensible. He can see nothing more in pictures than the subject represented, and clearly regards music only as "tunes." Nor does he seem to have much love for scenery: when he introduces it, it is generally transformed and coloured by some grotesque fancies as a means of adding to the effect of the situation he is evolving. Mere *prettiness* he can appreciate, and such charm as lies in the sight of order and plenty and comfort, but not beauty. His few attempts in this direction sound affected and conventional. Hence he is much more successful when painting emotion as shown by comic charac-

ters. There is something touching, we are quite ready to grant, in the almost dog-like fidelity and devotion of Sam Weller to his master. The reason is plain enough: pathos in comic characters need not be beautiful, and a few blots and incongruities rather add to the effect. But when he tries higher flights, he misses his mark. Mr. Dickens is no doubt entitled to the credit of making people, women, and children, cry copiously; but we do not think there is a single passage in his writings which a pure and cultivated taste would pronounce beautiful.

But if Mr. Dickens is insensible to beauty, he is no less so to intellectual men. We can hardly fail to be struck by the marked absence in him of anything like loftiness of thought. Not only has he no reverence for abstract speculation, or learning, or statesmanship, he does not seem to believe that there *are* such things, or that they are more than shams, disguised with fine names. He has, as was said of him long ago, just that smattering of law which a clever attorney's clerk might pick up, — an acquaintance with common forms and technicalities, — but no insight into its spirit. To him it is simply a system of chicanery and "Wiglomeration" devised for the ruin of mankind. Politics, again, are but a struggle for place, pay, and the means of providing for poor relations at the expense of the country, between Doodle on the one side and Coodle on the other — an affair with which no man of sense and honesty can have any possible concern. This ridiculous travesty does not spring from any cynical contempt for political differences on Mr. Dickens's part. It is due, as it seems to us, partly to an almost feminine incapacity for grasping abstract notions; partly to sheer ignorance. Mr. Dickens's range of thought and experience has manifestly been limited, and he has been very little indebted to the wisdom of others. This is, no doubt, the cause in no small measure of his striking originality. It is no more than natural that he should show no signs of having imitated or been influenced by writers whom he had never read. In all his works there is hardly a quotation or an allusion except occasionally from Shakespeare and the best known parts of the Bible. And, as we before had occasion to remark, imagination does not help him where observation fails. What lies beyond the limits of his own experience he neither understands nor cares for. Theology, philosophy, science, history, seem all closed books to him; he is quite content that they should be, and, to all appearance, thinks his ignorance of such unmeaning

rubbish very much to his credit. That his instincts are generous and kindly, and revolt from baseness and cruelty, this of course we grant most readily; but we can think of no writer of mark who shows a more uninstructed mind, or on whose judgment on any question involving mastery of facts, or breadth of view, or critical acumen, we should set less store. For good breeding and refinement he exhibits a very decided contempt, nor, we are bound to admit, if the specimens he has given of these qualities really express his idea of them, without just cause. He seems incapable of creating a gentleman. Very likely he would quarrel with the sense in which we use the word; but however much as a moralist he may dislike and despise class distinctions, he has no right as an artist to ignore them in a representation which professes to conform to actual fact. It never seems to occur to him that gentlemen don't choose their social inferiors as intimate associates whatever may be their moral excellence. In his pages "Nature's Nobs," as Mr. Montague Tigg calls them, fraternize with "Nature's Nobs" without a moment's hesitation. He does not apparently see any oddness in a girl like Florence Dombey taking up at first sight with a rough and rather convivial old seaman like Captain Cuttle, and consulting him and appealing to him as naturally as though he were an elderly clergyman, and the rector of the parish. With all this ignorance, and prejudice, and narrowness of mind, it is plain how little qualified Mr. Dickens is for that rôle of social reformer which he is so ambitious of filling. We are sorry to remark that his later novels show a growing tendency in this direction, and suffer much thereby. Surely Mr. Dickens's claims to distinction in his own line are quite enough to allow him to forbear from meddling with what he does not understand, and darkening counsel by words without knowledge.

Mr. Dickens, however, does not confine himself to ignoring most of the leading influences which have made the world what it is. He has something to give us in their stead. Though he has not expressed his views in any connected form, and we have to piece them together as best we may, still a sort of theory of life as it should be may be found in his writings without much difficulty, by any one who will take the trouble to look for it. We shall, perhaps, best define it by saying it is an expansion of the idea of Christmas — of Christmas as seen in vision by Mr. Dickens, and described as follows: —

"Numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken!

"We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped, have grown cold; the eyes we sought, have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings crowd upon our minds at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fire-side and his quiet home!"—(*Pickwick*, p. 232, "Charles Dickens" Edition.)

It is a gospel of geniality that Mr. Dickens sets himself to preach; the feelings and sympathies supposed to be evoked by the annual holiday are to be the ruling principles of life, the model keeper of Christmas, our guide and example. Joviality and high living; benevolence, good humour, and good fellowship—*sic itur ad astra*. There should also be a sprinkling of tender regrets for the dead and the absent—just enough to subdue part of the picture with a pleasing shade of darker colouring. Such is Mr. Dickens's Utopia. It is easy to see then why learning, and culture, and sagacity, and subtlety of understanding, and wit and eloquence meet with such slender recognition at his hands. What have these to do with an ideal social system, where every man best fulfils his end by a general readiness to shake hands and clink glasses with every one else? Intellect is only admissible as represented by medical men, engineers, and skilled artisans, in whom it shows itself directly concerned in ministering to the relief of man's estate. Schoolmasters too, we suppose, must have a place

in the system; for Mr. Dickens would certainly have every one possess the rudiments of education, and he seems rather to approve of a knowledge of foreign languages. But beyond purposes of immediate practical utility he would appear to consider learning rather a waste of time. It does not make us happier or kinder-hearted; it may even lead to fastidiousness as to our company, and an indisposition to that hearty, instinctive way of getting at the right and the wrong of everything, which is so much the safest guide in settling great questions. So political economists, scholars, statesmen, lawyers, *et hoc genus omne*, may make up their minds to burn their books, and be abolished as pretentious nuisances. We really do not think we have been exaggerating. Mr. Dickens has very possibly not fully grasped the bearing of the doctrines he has laid down in one part of his works and another; but if he had the power to reform the world according to his own principles, the result would be to turn it into the vulgar Arcadia we have been depicting—fit habitation only for those benevolent but eccentric elderly gentlemen, virtuous artisans, and gushing young ladies on whom his warmest admirations are lavished. All that gives interest to life, and makes it worth the living, would be gone. Can Mr. Dickens really think that the ideal of humanity is attained in his Tom Pinches, and Esther Summer-sons, and Millies, and Dots? Though wearisome by reason of much silliness, they are estimable people in their way; but a world in which they, and their like were the presiding influences! It would, indeed, require nothing short of that new birth unto imbecility which Mr. Dickens is so fond of bestowing on his penitents, as Mr. Dombey and Mr. Gradgrind, to fit one for admission into such a paradise of fools.

We must now bring these criticisms to a close. That we have exhausted so large a subject in the limited space at our disposal, we do not for a moment pretend; but we trust we have sufficiently indicated what, in our opinion, are the leading characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius, and the merits and defects of his workmanship. To the many with whom belief in him is almost a principle of religion, our estimate will no doubt seem unduly disparaging; and, indeed, in reviewing what we have said, we are conscious that there is more in it of censure than of praise. Yet we see no cause for altering any part of our judgment. It is no fly that we have been breaking on the wheel. Mr. Dickens must

stand or fall by the severest canons of literary criticism: it would be an insult to his acknowledged rank to apply a more lenient standard; and bad art is not the less bad

art and a failure because associated, as it is in his case, with much that is excellent, and not a little that is even fascinating.

GEORGE STOTT.

**THE VERY LATEST EDITION OF ROBIN-
SON CRUSOE.**

Published, with splendid illustrations, by A. Harris,
Covent Garden Theatre.

AIR—The tight little Island.

HENRY BYRON one day to A. Harris did say,
"You've asked me to write, and I'll do so;
My Pantomime theme I'll work out with a dream
Of the Fairies and Robinson Crusoe.
There's Payne will play Robinson Crusoe;
Years ago he did Robinson Crusoe;
But such pleasures of Payne
Evergreen will remain;
And his sons shine in *Robinson Crusoe*."

Then when came Christmas-time, lo the new
Pantomime
Great crowds to the Theatre drew; so
Uproarious with joy grew man, woman and boy
At each scene in bright *Robinson Crusoe*.
Coral groves were in *Robinson Crusoe*;
Fairy-land was in *Robinson Crusoe*;
Matt Morgan and Telbin,
Hawes Craven had well been
Working wonders for *Robinson Crusoe*.

Nelly Power skips in, with not much on her skin,
But her natural charms are not few, so
We need not complain if she likes to remain
Half-naked through *Robinson Crusoe*.
A smart elf she's in *Robinson Crusoe*;
Jigs a hornpipe in *Robinson Crusoe*;
And sings to the tune,
Up in a Balloon;
And frolics through *Robinson Crusoe*.

Stepping more warily, dressing less airily
Sweet and grave as the *Last Waltz* of Rous-
seau,
Comes charming Miss Harris; while a *danseuse*
from Paris
Brings her *pas* in to *Robinson Crusoe*.
Lambertini's in *Robinson Crusoe*;
A grand ballet's in *Robinson Crusoe*;
With the tips of their toes
They point at one's nose,
And cut capers in *Robinson Crusoe*.

When the next scene begins, we see Payne and
the twins,
His coat and his face looking blue, so
We know that his wife is the plague of his life,
And is master of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Very riled is poor Robinson Crusoe;
Sore perplex'd is poor Robinson Crusoe;
But, drinking and hopping
With sailors at Wapping,
Hops away from dame Robinson Crusoe.

Vivat wrecks! we may cry, when we next him
espy,
As he paddles his raft (not canoe); so
We next see him land, on that desolate strand
Where the foot-print shock'd Robinson Crusoe.
Quashibungo meets Robinson Crusoe;
Three niggers meet Robinson Crusoe;
One of them fled,
And one he shot dead,
And one stayed with Robinson Crusoe.

Then we see him with Friday in his dwelling so
tidy,
Goat and parrot, and dog and cat too; so,
To bake they get at, while Friday a rat
Pops the pie in of Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! the gestures of Robinson Crusoe,
While Friday jeers Robinson Crusoe!
Then the last thing from France
They, with decency, dance;
The man Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

The procession of tribes then, as Stoyte says,
"arribes;"
The King and his Squaw, and her trousseau:
In the crocodile car, very splendid they are;
'Tis the great scene in *Robinson Crusoe*.
Full of splendour is *Robinson Crusoe*;
Full of fun, too, is *Robinson Crusoe*; —
But here I will stop,
And the curtain will drop
On the Pantomime *Robinson Crusoe*.
Once a Week.

VISITORS to the old reading-room of the Bibliothèque Impériale, in Paris, who remember the very handsome wood carvings of the time of Louis the Fourteenth which decorated that apartment, will be astonished to hear that they were sold by the authorities recently as rubbish. Fortunately the carvings were purchased by the well-known dealer in works of Art, M. Recappé, who has cleaned them of the dirt and dust with which they were incrustated, and restored them in a great measure to their original beauty.

From Once a Week.

A MARINE CANDLE.

THERE is found on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Vancouver's Island, a little fish not larger than a smelt, clad in glittering armour, which is fat almost beyond conception. It is popularly known as the candle-fish but its scientific name is *Salmo Pacificus*. Mr. Lord has carefully studied the habits and manners of this fish, and the uses to which it may be applied. Living with the Indians, he joined their excursions against the candle-fish which, sporting in the moonlight on the surface, gave to the waters the resemblance of a vast sheet of pearly waves. To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake, six or eight feet long, composed of a piece of pine-wood, with teeth made of bone, if sharp-pointed nails are not to be procured. The canoe being paddled by one Indian close to the shoal, the other sweeps the rake through the mass, and brings it to the surface, teeth upwards, with usually one, and often three or four, fish impaled on each tooth. By the repetition of this process, many canoes are soon filled. The cargoes being landed, the further charge devolves upon the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil making. They do not gut or in any way clean the fish, but simply pass long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing another piece transversely at the ends to prevent them from slipping off the skewer. The fish are then dried and smoked by being suspended in the thick atmosphere at the top of the sheds, and this smoke is sufficient to preserve them fresh without salting—a process which the Indians never apply to fish. When dry, they are carefully packed in cases of bark, or rushes, and are stowed away out of reach of children or dogs till winter. "I have never," says Mr. Lord, "seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little candle-fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them, for they melt completely into oil." They are so marvellously fat that the natives use them as lamps for lighting their lodges. For this purpose the dried fish is perforated from head to tail by a piece of rush-pith by means of a long needle made of hard wood. The wick is then lighted, and the fish burns

steadily, with a sufficiently good light to read by. The candlestick is a bit of wood split at one end, with the fish inserted in the cleft.

When by heat and pressure these little fishes are transformed into a liquid oil, and the Indian drinks them instead of burning them, he supplies his own body with a highly carbonaceous fuel, which is burned slowly in his lungs and keeps up his animal heat. Without a full supply of some such food, he would perish in the cold of a long Northern winter.

When a sufficient supply of the fish has been dried and put by for the winter's food, the remainder is piled in heaps till the fishes are partly decomposed, for the purpose of being converted into oil. The method of extracting the oil is very primitive. Five or six large fires are made, and in each fire are a number of large round pebbles, to be made very hot. By each fire are four large square boxes, made of the wood of the pine. A squaw piles in each box a layer of fish, covers them with cold water, and adds five or six of the heated stones. When the steam has cleared away, small pieces of wood are laid on the stones; then more fish more water, more stones, and more layers of wood, and so on, until the box is filled. The oil-maker now takes all the liquid from this box, and proceeds to fill another box, using this oily liquid for the second box in place of water. From the surface of the contents of this box, the floating oil is skimmed off.

One very small tribe often makes as much as seven hundred-weight of oil. Not only is an abundance of oil supplied by nature, but the bottles to store it away are actually provided. The great seawrack grows to an enormous size in these Northern seas, and has a hollow stalk, expanded at the root end into a complete flask. These hollow stalks are cut at a length of about three feet from the terminal bulb, and are kept wet and flexible till required. The oil as it is obtained is stored away in these natural bottles, which hold from a quart to three pints.

It is to be regretted that our steamers are causing the candle-fish to disappear from the Columbia River and other parts where they formerly abounded. They are now seldom found south of latitude 50° N.

CHAPTER XII.

A HUNTER'S PLEASURE AND A HUNTER'S PAIN.

ERIC took great care not to change Roland's bold and determined character into one of morbid enthusiasm. He interposed between the studies an equal measure of physical exercise, fencing, leaping, riding, swimming, and rowing. He was glad that he had to call in no other teacher, and he gained new strength, and maintained his constant intercourse with his pupil, by taking the lead in these recreations.

With Fassbender's help, he also taught Roland to take measurements out of doors. Fassbender was extremely skilful in such work, but he constantly showed a humble submissiveness towards Roland, which caused Eric much vexation; and when he said one day that he should tell his friend Knopf how industrious and clever Roland was, the boy tossed his head in displeasure. He evidently wished to hear nothing more of Knopf; perhaps, too, he had something in his memory of which he would not speak to Eric.

Eric laid out a shooting-ground for Roland also, not wishing to withdraw him from his accustomed life out of doors, where he had roved at pleasure; only it was distinctly understood that exercise in the open air was to come after mental work, never before it.

One great difficulty lay in moderating Roland's passion for hunting. Eric did not wish to repress it altogether, but only to keep it within due limits. Now, in mid-summer, there was only rabbit-hunting, and Claus came to take Roland out with him. Former teachers had left Roland to go alone with the huntsman, but Eric accompanied them, and Roland drew in new life as they went through the vineyards.

Eric's attention was roused at hearing Claus say that Manna had been an extremely bold rider, even as a little child, and afterwards as a growing girl, and that her father had always taken her with him on a hunt, where she showed the wildest spirit. Rose and Thistle were the dogs which had belonged to her, and now whenever they heard her name, they noticed it directly, and looked sharply round as if expecting her.

Eric would have liked to ask how it happened that a bold and spirited girl, who delighted in hunting, could now be living like a penitent in a convent. It was hard to bring this picture of her, hunting with her gun and with her dogs, into harmony with the picture of the winged apparition. But

he took care to ask Roland no questions, and behaved to the huntsman as if he had known it all before.

His father had left Roland his favorite dogs, Rose and Thistle; they were small, but powerfully built, with broad chest and strong back, and they appeared to understand when Roland praised them. The smaller, the female, with red chops and many scars on her head, always licked his hand while he extolled her wonderful courage, and hung her head when he said he was sorry that she was not so obedient as the somewhat larger male, Thistle. With sparkling eyes, which seemed to glance with modest pleasure, Thistle looked at Roland when he explained to Eric that the dog would obey only English words, but by their use could be managed perfectly; if he called out to him "*zuruck!*" Thistle looked at him as if deaf; but the moment he said "*Come back!*" he fell back a foot behind him.

They passed a low oak-tree; Roland seized a branch, and shook it, crying "*Hang!*" and Thistle sprang up, caught the branch with his sharp teeth, and remained hanging to it till Roland told him to let go. Rose performed the same trick, and even outdid herself, for she whirled round several times as she hung, and then, with a sudden jerk, broke off the branch and brought it to Roland. The boy and the dogs were very happy together, and seemed to understand equally well where they were going.

They went by the huntsman's house, where the two ferrets were put into a basket. On the edge of the wood, Roland took out the pretty little yellow creatures, which moved in a sort of snake-like way, and put muzzles on them, caressing them as he did it. They then went into the thicket, where fresh burrows were soon found; over some of the outlets, nets were spread, and Roland was delighted at the skilful way in which Eric fastened them down with pegs, which he made from twigs cut from the trees. The ferrets were let loose, and very soon a rustling was heard, and some rabbits came into the nets, and were soon bitten and shaken to death by the dogs. The ferrets were sent in again, and the hunters stood before the holes to shoot the rabbits as they came out; Roland missed, but Eric hit his mark.

Eric was far from saying anything to Roland of the cruelty shown, especially in the net-hunting, and the manner in which the dogs bit at the eyes of the poor creatures, and never let go till all struggling ceased; he was enough of a hunter to overlook this.

Claus knew how to smother pity by inveighing against the confounded rabbits, which gnawed at the young vines and spoiled them and all that was best in the fields; he imitated one of the peasants who always struck at a rabbit with his stick, crying, —

"Have I got you at last, you damned —"

After they had gone farther on, Rose went into a hole, and they heard her barking deep down under ground. She had found a fox. The hunter's excitement awoke in Eric, and they all stood quietly on the watch. Thistle was also sent into the hole, and his bark was heard far below, but the fox did not come out. Soon Rose appeared with her nose torn and bleeding; she looked up at the hunters and went back into the hole; whining and barking were heard, and at last the dogs came back, streaming with blood, but no fox appeared; they waited long, but in vain.

"They have killed him," said the huntsman in triumph; "we shall never get him."

Roland was full of tender compassion for the dogs, but Claus consoled him with the assurance that they would soon get over their hurts. Roland said he could not understand how dogs could bite a fox to death, when a fox had such sharp teeth; the huntsman shrugged his shoulders, but Eric answered: —

"The fox bites sharply, but does not hold on."

Roland looked at Eric in surprise, feeling that he was a man from whom everything could be learned; all Eric's knowledge had hardly made so much impression as this single remark.

Again they sent the ferrets into a fresh burrow; only one came out; they waited long and left the huntsman on the spot, but the second ferret was not to be seen. Roland was inconsolable for the loss of the fine little creature, so bright and tame. When Eric said that the animal would die of hunger in the woods, with its mouth so firmly muzzled, Roland walked on for some time in silence. Suddenly he put his hand into the basket, took out the other ferret and let it loose, then took aim and shot it down; he left the dead creature lying undisturbed in the wood, and walked home with Eric without a word. He looked long at his gun; Eric knew that it would be many days before its report would be heard again, and so it was.

From the time of this last hunt, a coldness and ill-humor, reluctance and listlessness, appeared in Roland; he was not exactly rebellious, but did everything without interest, and often looked strangely at Eric.

Eric did not know what to do; for several days he was much disquieted, feeling that he was no longer a novelty to Roland, and that the sense of satiety which torments the rich, who never can long enjoy the same thing, increased as it was in Roland by his wandering life, was producing apathy and discontent in him; he must be taught to greet with pleasure the day which brought no new thing, but only a repetition of the day before.

The huntsman came to Eric, took him aside, and said: —

"I've found the ferret that ran away from us."

"Where?"

"In the wood yonder, there it lies with its muzzle on, starved to death, and eaten up by the ants."

"We will say nothing of it to Roland."

"Certainly not. Do you know what the ferret's name was?"

"No."

"It was Knopf. He only called it 'master,' because you were present. It always vexed me; Herr Knopf is certainly superstitious, dreadfully superstitious, but one of the best men in the world. Roland has told me in confidence, that, on the journey which he made to force you to come back, a spirit appeared to him in the wood one morning, a fairy-princess, as stupid, superstitious men would say, — a wonderful child with light curling hair, but she spoke English, — only think, spirits speak English too now, — she came to him early in the morning in the forest. That's the sort of stuff Herr Knopf has put into his head. I don't want to say anything against Herr Knopf; he's a good man, he taught poor children for nothing, and did good, much good, but belief in spirits and such nonsense ought to be put an end to. Don't you notice how bad Roland looks now? I think the belief in spirits is to blame for this. Drive it out of his mind right sharply."

Eric doubted whether this was what produced Roland's continued ill-humor, but he was struck by his having told the huntsman something which he had never confided to him. But he would not force his confidence and disturb the boy's mind; he would wait quietly till the cloud passed over.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRESH WINE, FRESH SONG, AND FRESH FAME.

THE Doctor had called, in the meanwhile, but only for a brief quarter of an hour at a time; he commended Eric for so taking

upon himself the entire direction of Roland, and devoting himself to him so exclusively; he desired that no intervention of his should interrupt the inflowing of the moral and spiritual influence.

Eric now detained him, speaking of Roland's paleness, which he thought an indication of sickness.

"Indeed?" cried the Doctor. "Has it taken so soon? I am glad that it has made its appearance on the surface so early and so decidedly."

"What is it? What is it, then?"

"It's all right and normal; symptoms all good. My dear young friend, I call it usually the May-cold. Just consider a moment! Roland was born for a huntsman, and I was afraid you would turn him into a pebble-gatherer or a beetle-sticker. I see very plainly, that you would like to give him a deeper apprehension of life, but there lies the danger that he will take it too seriously; now the best prescription for life is, to take life easily."

Eric chimed in with this, acknowledging that he was far from desiring to make Roland a pattern youth, perfect in every particular. The Doctor continued:—

"As I said before, our lad is troubled with the May-cold. Whenever there is a change in the relations of life, as change of occupation, or marriage, where the previous independence is given up, after the first weeks of bloom, notwithstanding all the happiness enjoyed, comes in the May-cold, just as we see in nature. They say that it comes from the Alps, from the melting of the icebergs there; perhaps icebergs of egotism melt within, and at any rate, it is like a renewed struggle of winter with summer, like a struggle of solitariness with sociality. Don't be despairing! Let the days of chilly convalescence pass over the lad, and all will be well. Don't press him hard in these days; he is already beginning to feel as if he had come under a yoke. Moreover, I will give him some medicine, so that he shall think he is not well; this will be an advantage to him, and to you too, for you can then give way to him, as an invalid is expected to be perverse, and to be humored, as a matter of course."

The Doctor now came more frequently. He proposed to Eric to make a longer visit at Mattenheim, in accordance with Weidmann's invitation, as the contemplation of a life full of a many-sided activity would refresh both teacher and pupil. Eric replied that he did not consider it right to leave, for any length of time, the house that had been entrusted to his care. The Doctor assented, thinking it better that Roland

should first become thoroughly familiar with the Rhine-home.

Eric and Roland now often accompanied the Doctor some distance on his rounds, and both acquired together a deeper acquaintance with the life of the Rhineland. The Doctor explained that he had an object in this, holding that it was a very important thing in a man's life to make a point of getting the best wines that could be had, and carrying out his point. Roland could and should do that. It was no less important to procure the good wine of the world, than its beautiful works of art. And if a sense of his dependence upon the Rhineland were instilled into Roland, much that was noble would result, especially if he could be brought into connection with the family of Weidmann.

The Doctor was the best of directories, knowing every house and its inmates very intimately, and speaking of everybody with discriminating justice, showing the dark as well as the bright side with equal impartiality. House after house furnished them with a refreshing sketch of life, and cellar after cellar with a refreshing draught.

"They talk about the deterioration of the race," said the Doctor edifyingly, "and there seems to be a chronic ailment, but it is not dangerous. People use themselves as filters and pour in wine; so it has always been; and so it will be. If the sun shines very hot, they think they are entitled to drink; and if the weather is disagreeable and wet, they must strengthen themselves with a good draught."

They alighted at a house, which had in front a statue of the Holy Mother with a lantern in her hand.

"Up-stairs here," said the Doctor, "pure genuine wine is sold; the man here supplies the church and the church dignitaries with the communion wine, which must be undiluted. This man's father is a famous embroiderer of church-cloths, and his brother an illustrious painter of saints; and when people can turn their religion to any profit, they hold it in sacred earnest. The main point is, not to impugn the uprightness of believers, and then they are inclined not to question the uprightness of us unbelievers."

They went on farther to another house, and the Doctor said:—

"Here dwelt a merry rogue, who has actually made the house haunted; he was an old screech-owl, a mason by trade. It's known that he had a little chest made by a carpenter, with a lock by a lock-smith; and this chest he walled into the cellar, which he built alone by himself. It is now believed that there must have been a consider-

able sum of money concealed therein; and yet he may have been rogue enough to hide there an empty box, in order to play a joke upon those who should come after him. And now the people are undecided whether to pull down the house or not, in order to find the box. It's possible they may find an empty one, and have a demolished house for their pains."

The Doctor gave such a turn to his information about men and things, that Roland could derive advantage from it.

The Doctor greeted in a very friendly way an old man with a crafty countenance, who was sitting in front of his house. The man asked the physician if he would not take another drop of "the black cat," and they went with Eric and Roland into the cellar, where they drank a fiery wine from a cask on which, in fact, a black cat was sitting, though it was an artificial one with shining glass eyes. The old man was excessively merry; and clinking glasses with Roland, he said:—

"Yes, yes, we are all bunglers compared with your father."

Then, with great gusto, he praised the shrewdness and craft of Sonnenkamp, and Eric looked timidly at Roland, who appeared to be but little affected by what was said; when they went away the Doctor said:—

"This is the genuine peasant, for the genuine peasant is really the greatest egotist, thinking only of his own profit, though the whole world beside should fall to pieces. This is the old burgomaster who lent money to people needing it, and when a bad season came, he made an immediate demand for it, with unrelenting harshness, so that their vineyards were sold at public auction; and now he possesses a large landed property, yielding the best wines. Yes; he is a cunning rascal."

This narrative produced a wholly different impression upon Eric from what it did upon Roland, for the latter considered that the rascality was a matter of course. Eric looked askance at the Doctor, for he could not conceive how he could be on such friendly terms with the burgomaster; and when he further asked whether the man was respected, he received an emphatic response in the affirmative, inasmuch as property secured respect in the country.

They also stopped at the gauger's, the good-humored brother of the whole country around, and were led by him through the wine-vaults, and supplied with many a good drop to drink. The gauger always liked to tell stories that were not always fit for a boy to hear, but the Doctor soon led him to a different subject.

The gauger always carried with him some flour bread, which he called his "little sponge." "With straw," he said, "they tie up the wines, and with this little piece of bread, that has been grown from the straw, I fasten in the wine." They had calculated that the gauger had drunk, during his life-time, seventy butts of wine; but he asserted that they had been very tender to him, for he had drunk a great deal more than that.

It was a merry, exhilarating life into which Eric and Roland were inducted, and when they returned to their strict method of study, there was a deep realization of the fact that they were living in the midst of a merry region, where existence can be easily wasted in play.

It was midsummer, and there came cold, windy, disagreeable days, when it seemed that summer had departed, and yet it could not be, it must become hot again. The nightingale was voiceless; it had not ceased to sing all at once, but seemed to utter occasionally single notes from memory, while there were heard more frequently the thin voices of the linnets, or the full, short call of the blackbirds. The summer shoots on the leafy trees showed that the summer had reached its height, and was declining; the forest-trees had attained their season's growth, and the song of birds had ceased, except that the unwearied black-cap still twittered, and the magpies chattered among the branches.

Eric and Roland often sailed upon the Rhine, and Eric sang; he was rejoiced to hear Roland say:—

"Yes, it is so. A person can sing at all seasons of the year, if he has a mind to."

Eric nodded, feeling that the consciousness of art and of a free humanity had been awakened in Roland; and he now said that they would absent themselves for a few days from the house, and proposed to Roland two plans: either they would go to Herr Weidmann's, of whom there had been so much said, or to the great musical festival that was to take place at the Fortress. Boats ornamented with parti-colored streamers, having singers on board, went up the river and were greeted at all the landings with the firing of cannon. Roland requested to go to the festival, and he wanted to walk a part of the way, desiring to see again, and this time in company with Eric, the road over which he had wandered by night.

They set out in good spirits, and Roland was very talkative, relating to Eric all his adventures. They came to the wood, and Roland gave an account of his falling asleep, and of his wonderful dream. He blushed

while telling it, and Eric did not ask what his dream was. Roland went silently into the wood.

"Here it is; here it is!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Here is my *porte-monnaie*! God be praised and thanked, I have not been robbed. Come, let us go to the village, where the hostler lives whom I suspected, and I will give him all the money."

They proceeded to the village, but the hostler was not there, having been drafted into the military service.

Roland was very sorry at that, and wrote down the man's name in his memorandum-book.

The two went on through the country clothed in the green of summer, and when they reached the railroad, took the cars for the Fortress. All was here decked with flags, and the whole town appeared in holiday attire. Men and women streamed in from all quarters, some on boats and some in the cars, singing in clear tones, and were received with a hearty welcome. Eric was happy to be able to say to his pupil:—

"Remember that this belongs to us. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans had such celebrations, nor any other nation but us Germans."

They spent the night at the Fortress, and the next morning all assembled, the hundreds of male and female singers, and a great crowd of listeners, in the festival hall now properly ornamented, but at other times used as a fruit-market. A gloomy rumor was spread through the assembly; the singers shook their heads, and clapped together their hands, while among the audience there was a commotion and a rustling.

A man of fine voice, an experienced singer, had been suddenly taken ill.

"Look yonder," said Roland; "there sit nuns, and there are pupils, in the school-dress that they wear at Manna's convent. Ah, if Manna should be here too!"

Eric said to Roland:—

"Stay here; I will see if I can be of any assistance. I depend upon your not quitting this seat."

He went up to the singers on the platform, and spoke earnestly to the leader, by whose side he stood. Men came up to them while they were talking together, and went away again. Suddenly all eyes were turned towards Eric, and a whispering and a buzzing went through the assembly. Master Ferdinand, the conductor, tapped with his baton, and his look, which directed and inspired all, was smiling. There was silence, and in a tone that won all hearts he said:—

"Our baritone has unfortunately been taken ill, and this gentleman by my side,

who does not wish his name to be mentioned, has kindly offered to undertake the solos for our absent friend. You, as well as we, will be grateful to him, and willingly extend to him the requested indulgence, as he has made no rehearsals with us."

A universal applause was the reply.

The choruses began, and their tones, like the voice of many waters, moved Roland's soul. Now Eric rose. All hearts were beating. But at the first tone he uttered, each one of the singers, and each one of the listeners, looked to his neighbor and nodded. It was a voice, so full, so deep, so penetrating the heart, that all held their breath as they listened. And when he had ended, a storm of applause broke forth which seemed almost to shake the hall.

Eric sat down, and the choruses and then other solo performers sang; again he rose, and yet again, and his voice seemed to grow still more powerful, and to penetrate more deeply into the hearts of all.

But how was it with Roland, one of the thousands who listened, and who were thrilled by the sound of this voice, in the depths of their souls?

The choruses rolled in like billows of the resounding sea, but when Eric sang, it was as if he stood upon the deck of a noble ship, and ruled over all; and this voice was so near to Roland in its friendliness, and yet so nobly exalted! The youth was possessed by that feeling of blissful, dreamy gladness which music awakes in us, transplanting it into the depths of our own life, and causing us to forget our own dreams, and merging our own individual self in the sad and blissful element of being.

Roland wept; Eric's voice seemed to waft him upwards into an invisible world, and then the choruses began again, and he seemed to be transported into a heavenly state of existence.

Roland wanted to tell his neighbor who the man was, for he heard on all sides questions and conjectures; but he said to himself:—

"No one else knows who he is, except me."

His eye now swept again over the collection of girls dressed in blue, and one of them nodded to him. Yes, it is she! it is Manna! He requested those sitting near him to let him pass through them; he wanted to go to his sister and to tell her who it was that had just brought such blessedness into the hearts of all. But he was repelled with vehemence, and his neighbors scolded about the saucy youth, who was so restless and out of humor, and wanted to create a disturbance.

Roland remained quiet, and by that means let slip the suitable opportunity of the intermission, for pressing through the crowd to Manna.

The Oratorio was ended, but the applause of the assembly, did not seem likely to end. There was a universal call for the stranger's name.

"Name! Name!" resounded from a thousand lips, with noisy demonstrations and shouts.

Then Master Ferdinand tapped with his baton again upon his desk, nodding in a friendly manner to Eric, who held back, and all cried:—

"Silence!"

Eric rose, saying in a composed voice, —

"My sincere thanks. That I have been able to take part here, has been to me a divine service, a service to divine art; and because I do not desire by any unfamiliar name to lessen the feeling of devotion awakened within you, and for this reason only, have I been reluctant to give you my name."

"Name! name!" was again called out by the assembly.

"My name is Doctor Dournay."

"Huzza! Huzza!" burst out the whole assembly, and the orchestra played a three-fold flourish, all shouting:—

"Huzza, Doctor Dournay."

Eric was almost crushed, and his shoulders ached with the congratulatory strokes upon them.

He saw himself surrounded by those who were already acquainted with him, and those who desired to make his acquaintance. The assembly dispersed.

Eric looked around for Roland, but he was nowhere to be seen. He walked about the square in front of the music-hall, and then returned to it; here he found everything in confusion, for they were rushing in every direction, setting the tables for the festival-dinner. He waited a long time, for he felt convinced that Roland had got lost in the crowd, and would come back here.

At last Roland came, with glowing cheeks.

"It was she!" he exclaimed. "I went with her and her schoolmates to the boat, and they have now set off.

"O Eric, how splendid it is, how splendid, that you sang, for the first time, to her! And she said you could not be so godless, for you sang so devoutly. She said that I was not to tell you this, but she is a rogue, she meant that I should tell you. O Eric! and the Justice's Lina, and the Architect, too, are among the singers; they are walking arm in arm, and they recognized you,

but they did not betray you. O Eric, how you did sing! it seemed to me that you could fly too; I was every moment afraid that you would spread your wings and fly away."

The youth was in a state of feverish excitement.

An usher came to invite Eric and his brother — such he supposed Roland to be — to be present at the dinner and to sit near the director.

Others came who knew him, and strangers who wished to be introduced.

A photographer, who was one of the solo singers, besought Eric to allow him to take his photograph, while he was waiting for dinner, as hundreds and hundreds of the singers wanted to have a picture of him.

Eric declined, with thanks, these manifestations of friendliness, and took, with Roland the first boat to return to the villa.

Roland went into the cabin, and he was soon sound asleep; Eric sat alone upon the deck, and he was troubled with the thought of having been brought so prominently before the public. But he considered, on the other hand, that there are times when our powers do not belong to ourselves alone, and when we cannot ourselves determine what we will do. I did what I was obliged to do, he thought.

When they came to the stopping-place, Roland had to be waked up. He was almost dragged into the row-boat, and he was so confused and bewildered, that he did not seem to know what was going on around him.

After they had disembarked, he said:—

"Eric, your name is now repeated by thousands and thousands of people, and you are now very famous."

Roland, who had never sung before, now sang, the whole way home, a strain of the chorus.

They found at the villa letters from Eric's mother and from Herr Sonnenkamp. His mother wrote, that he must not mind it if he were reproached with having sold so cheaply and so speedily his *ideal* views, for people were angry, and were partially right in being so, at his abrupt departure without saying good-bye.

Eric smiled, for he knew right well how they would have their fill of jesting about him around the so-called black table at the Club-house, where, year after year, the shining oil-cloth was spread over the untidy table-cloth. It appeared incomprehensible to him how he could ever have fancied spending there a day of his life, or a bright evening.

Sonnenkamp's letter made a wholly dif-

ferent impression; he authorized Eric, in case he thought it worth while, to take the journey to Biarritz with Roland.

"My father will like it, too, that you have received so much honor; the nun, indeed, who accompanied Manna, said that he would not take it well, that you had made yourself so notorious."

Eric looked disturbed. The feeling of servitude and dependence came over him. He had pledged his whole personal being to Sonnenkamp's service, and in all his actions he must first ask himself the question, how they may perhaps be taken by his master.

The whole day was now strewn over with ashes, and in place of the lofty feelings that had animated him, he now experienced a degree of depression of spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE'S FELLOW-MAN.

AGAIN the days flowed quietly on in work and recreation. One day Claus came and asked Roland to keep his promise of showing him the whole villa from top to bottom.

"Why do you want to see it?" asked Eric.

"I should like for once to see all the things which rich people have, to know what they do with all their money."

A knavish glance shot from the huntsman's eye, as he spoke. Eric gave the requested permission; he would have preferred to send a servant, but he went himself with the man, of whom he felt a sort of dread, not liking to leave him alone with Roland. He could scarcely give a reason for his uneasiness, except that the manner in which the huntsman dwelt upon the rich and poor might confuse Roland's mind.

They went through all the stories of the house, and Claus, who hardly dared to put his foot down, kept saying,—

"Yes, yes, all this can be had for money! what can't be got for money?"

In the great music-hall, he stood on the platform, and called to Eric and Roland:

"Herr Captain, may I ask a question?"

"If I can answer it, why shouldn't you?"

"Tell me fairly and honestly, what would you do, if you — you are a liberal-minded man and a friend of humanity — what would you do, if you were the owner of this house and so many millions?"

The huntsman's loud voice resounded through the great hall with a discordant echo, which seemed as if it would never cease.

"What would you do?" he repeated.

"Do you know no answer?"

"It is not necessary for me to give you one."

"All right; I knew you couldn't."

He came down from the platform, saying, "I am field-guard, and as I wander about at night, it seems to me as if I were possessed of an evil spirit, which I can't get rid of. I can't help thinking all the time, what would you do if you had many millions? It drives me almost crazy; I can't get away from it, and it appears that you can't answer the question, either."

"What would you do?" asked Eric.

"Have you no idea?"

"If I had much money," answered Claus, laughing maliciously, "first of all I'd cudgel the Landrath to a jelly, even if it cost a thousand gulden; it's worth the money."

"But then?"

"Yes, then — that I don't know."

Eric looked at Roland, who looked back at him with dull, troubled eyes, and compressed lips. The unconsciousness of wealth to which Knopf had alluded seemed destroyed, suddenly and unseasonably uprooted. Roland could never be led back to it, and yet was not mature enough to see his way forward.

Eric said to Roland in English, that he would clear up the matter for him, but that it was impossible to find an answer fit for an ignorant man.

"Would an ignorant man have asked the question?" answered Roland in the same language.

Eric remained silent, for he could not disturb and spoil the clear preception of his pupil, even to relieve and set him at rest.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the huntsman scornfully, "now I'm rid of it, now you've got it. Wherever you go or rest you will hear what I've been asking myself in all the passages and all the rounds. Very well! if you ever find the answer, let me have the benefit of it."

He put on his hat and went away. It was impossible to fix Roland's attention upon anything throughout that day; he sat alone in his room; late at night, after Eric had been asleep, he heard him go into the library to get something.

Eric let him take his own course, then going into the library, he saw that it was the Bible which he had taken; he was probably reading the passage concerning the rich young man; the seed, which had until now lain dormant, was beginning to sprout. Eric had pursued his work of quiet preparation until now, when an outside influence had come in, and with rude grasp had awakened what should have slept on.

What is all our teaching and preparation for? It is the same in external nature; the buds swell quietly till a wild tempest bursts them suddenly open. Now the wild tempest had swept over Roland, and Eric could not shelter him.

Very early the next morning Roland came to Eric's room, saying,—

"I have a favor to ask."

"Tell me what it is. I will grant it if I can."

"You can. Let us forget all our books to-day, and come with me to the castle."

"Now?"

"Yes; I have a plan. I want to see myself how it is. Let me, just this one day."

"Let you do what?"

"I want to work like the masons' apprentices up there. I don't want to eat and drink anything except what they do, and I want to carry loads up and down like them."

Eric went to the castle with Roland, but on the way, he said,—

"Roland, your purpose is good, and your wish pleases me, but now consider. You are not undertaking the same work as the men yonder, but work much harder, for you are not accustomed to it; this one day would bring ten times as much fatigue to you as to them, for you come to it from different circumstances. What is habit to them is new to you, and doubly difficult; and, moreover, you are not like them, for you have been tenderly and carefully nurtured; your bed is wholly unlike theirs; you have tender hands; it is quite a different sort of strength which you possess. So you would not learn what poor people feel, who have nothing but their native energy to help them support life."

Roland stood still, and there was an echo of what he had read in the night in the question, as he asked with a troubled voice, "What shall I do then, to make my own the life of my fellow-men?"

Eric was struck by his tone, and by the form of his question; he could not tell Roland how happy he felt, but he was sure at this moment that a soul, which bore and cherished such desires within it, could never go far astray, nor lose the sense of the union and mutual dependence of mankind. He restrained himself from expressing his feeling, however, and said,—

"Dear Roland"—he had never before said dear Roland—"the world is a great labor-association; the same task is not laid upon all of us, but it is enjoined on every one to feel himself the brother of his fellow-men, and to know that he is the guardian of himself and of his brothers. What we

can do is, to prepare ourselves and hold ourselves ready to stand by our brother's side, and reach out a hand to him as often as the call may come. The work which will one day be yours is different from that of the laborers yonder, who carry stone and mortar; your work is greater, and more productive of happiness. Come, the time has arrived for you to see into many things."

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE, AND THE EXTERNALS OF LIFE.

In the Bible it is related, how the boy Isaac went with the Patriarch Abraham up the mountain-side where the sacrifice was to be offered. He walked on, silent and thoughtful, till at last he asked,—

"Where is the offering?"

He did not know that he himself was to be the offering.

So Roland followed Eric, silent and thoughtful; he had offered to sacrifice himself, but the sacrifice was refused. What next?

Above, on a spur of the mountain, overlooking the surrounding country, they sat down; the wild thyme spread its fragrance around them. Eric took the hand of his pupil and began,—

"Well, it must be,—it ought to have come later,—I had hoped that you would not have come to this question for a long time, and then in some other way. Do you know what wealth is?"

"Yes; when a man has more than he needs."

"How does a man get this superfluity?"

"By inheritance and by earning."

"Can a brute animal be rich?"

"I should think not."

"Certainly not; every animal is, and has, only what he has been and has had from his birth. Now, to go farther, are the men of these times better than those of old times?"

"I think so."

"Will men ever be better than now?"

"I hope so."

"And how will they become better?"

"By civilization."

"Is civilization possible, when a man has to work hard from morning till night for the satisfaction of his physical needs?"

"Hardly."

"How then can a man do anything for the improvement of himself or his fellow-men?"

"He needs leisure for this."

"And does not that leisure come only when he has gained through his labor a surplus of wealth?"

"It seems so."

"Remember this, then: wealth is an accumulation of power which is not obtained by one's own labor."

"Stop, wait a minute," said Roland. He thought for a moment and then said, — "I have it, I understand it now; pray go on."

"What, now, should a man do, who comes into possession of so much power that he has not worked for?"

"I do not know."

"Then I will tell you. By means of what a man has beyond the absolute needs of life, he attains those things which beautify and elevate life, art and science. Wealth, alone, makes possible the progress of the human race; that a man can become rich involves his higher destiny; he lives by others, and for others; without accumulated surplus, without capital, there can be no higher knowledge of life, no advancement of it, no science and no art. Wealth is the possibility and the obligation to gain and increase, for one's self and for others, the higher benefits of existence; the rich man is not rich for himself; whatever advantages he possesses in the way of knowledge, of improved machinery, of invention, he has and uses in order to obtain more wealth than his necessities demand; these advantages he possesses only by means of others who have worked before him. In the last analysis, then, the rich man is so through his own means, or for his own advantage; he is only an administrator of the accumulated results of labor, and he must so administer it as to serve the highest good of mankind. Look around! there lie the fields, the vineyards, — whose are they? There stand stones, boundary-stones, placed here and there over the land, as points of legal division between mine and thine; no one can step over the boundary of another, or encroach on another's domain; they are the scattered stones, which, in the eye of the imagination, help to form the great temple of law which protects humanity. Not so evident, but not less firmly fixed, are the boundary-stones throughout life; you may not encroach on what belongs to another, on the results of his labor and of his natural powers. See! there the boatman directs the helm; there the vine-dresser digs the ground that the rain may reach the roots of his vines; the bird flies over the river; men row and dig, animals fly and crawl, only to gain a living. Then comes temptation to man and says, — 'Let others work for you; live upon the sweat of their brow; their bones are yours, consider them not; take gold for their labor, gold weeps not,

gold hungers not, gold complains not, — it only glitters; when you have it, you can sing, dance, drive over men's heads, be carried on their extended arms; don't hang back! the world is a field of plunder where each one takes what he can seize.' So speaks the tempter, but the spirit of the true life says, — 'You are only what you are in yourself; whatever worldly possessions you have are indeed yours, but are not *you*; to-morrow they may no longer be yours; but to-day they are, and you may multiply them a thousandfold, so that they may be a blessing to you, and yours, and those around you.'

"If you have not genius — that is not to be acquired — then get character and education, which can be acquired, and by means of them gain all which is worth the gaining. Glory and greatness are good, but every one cannot attain them; every one can be contented in himself and helpful to others. Wealth is an instrument useful for many purposes, but only when one knows how to use it. You cannot destroy the evils that are in the world — hunger, sickness, and crime; but you must not fling away the power that lies in your hand; the great duty is yours to beautify and elevate the world. Rejoice in your possessions, for they enable you to create beauty and to give joy. First of all, create in yourself beauty and joy, the power of self-denial, pleasure in accomplishment; and be ready to stand firm in yourself, if outward supports should be taken away. He who places the centre of gravity of his being outside of himself, on something upon which he leans, falls when that support is removed. Be firm in yourself, keep your centre of gravity in yourself, learn to know and to rightly value yourself and the world around you. The present is a time of preparation; you have as yet no duties towards others. Your only duty is to yourself. Bind together the powers within you, and do not dissipate your being; and if you are your own master, you are always rich; but if you have not control of yourself, you are always poor, even were millions in your possession. If you possess yourself, you are lord of your riches."

They were both silent for a long time. It is impossible to say in what direction any given thought may lead, or what previous thoughts are associated in its development.

"I should like to know," began Roland, "how it seemed when America was first discovered."

Eric explained to the boy what a revolution in ideas the great intellectual discov-

eries of the sixteenth century had made. There stood a man in a little German town, who said, and proved, that the earth on which we live is no fixed point; it turns continually on its axis and in its orbit around the sun. The whole mode of thinking of mankind for centuries was entirely changed. Man lives, then, on this ball that we call earth; he harvests and builds, he travels by land and sea, upon a ball which is constantly turning. When the heart of mankind first learned that, a shudder must have passed through it; the heavens were removed, there was no more sky, the whole old idea of a king of the world, sitting enthroned thereon, was overthrown; what was called the sky, was only the firmly-bound, countless order of constellations, which move in their orbits, attracting and repelling each other.

Then came another man, who said, "There is no man on earth, who, sitting on his throne, holds in himself the eternal spirit which gives him the right to teach and dictate what men shall believe and hope." Dissension appeared in the Church, and tore the civilized world asunder.

"And still another man, with his companions, entered a ship, sailed towards the north, and discovered a new world. In the house which we inhabit, an immeasurably large room was suddenly opened, wherein dwelt men who knew nothing of our life, while we, on the other hand, were ignorant of the endless variety of plants and animals, of boundless forests and rushing torrents, that existed there. The discoveries of Copernicus, of Luther, and of Columbus, must have produced a revolution in the minds of men at that period, to which nothing in our age can be compared. If we should be told now that all private property was to be given up, so that no one should longer possess anything for himself alone, the revolution in our minds would not be greater than it was in men's minds at that time."

Roland sat gazing in wonder at the man, who placed him upon such a height that he could see all life and being forming itself anew, and unfolding before his eyes. Eric paused, in order that the vivid impression, which it was evident he had made upon his pupil, should not be disturbed and effaced by further speech. The question arose in his mind, whether he had not given to the boy ideas and suggestions which he was not able to grasp; but he comforted himself with the example of the Church. She gives the young soul what it does not yet desire, what it is not yet able to understand; but she gives it in the hope that it will bear fruit in riper years. May we not — must we not do the same?

The quiet thought of the two, reaching out towards the infinite, was disturbed by the architect, who came to tell them that a Roman tomb had been discovered, and in it, an urn, a chair, and a skeleton. Eric went with Roland, and this disinterment of a man so long dead gave the boy a shock. What is the world? What is life? A future age finds the skeleton of a man which it passes by with indifference, and only asks, — "Are there, withal, the remains of the industry of former times?"

What is life?

As if waking from sleep, Roland heard Eric express his joy at the discovery, which would give so much pleasure to Count Clodwig. And now all the boy's thoughts were turned into a new channel, and his perplexing doubts forgotten. Eric rejoiced in the versatile mind of youth, which at one moment is entirely absorbed in some overpowering thought, and the next is engrossed by another which entirely displaces the first. This is the blessing and joy of youth. Roland was full of plans for the foundation of a museum, and Eric encouraged him in them, and took pains to show that here was an example of what possessions really mean; these historical treasures did not belong to him who called them his, but to the world, which from them could learn something of former ages; no one could have them for himself alone. This is the true idea of possession, freed from all material weight. Thus ought we to look upon all the possessions of the world.

This incident seemed to lead the boy's mind to composure. But as they were going home, he asked, — "Now tell me, Eric, what would you do if all this wealth were yours? Can you tell, Eric, now?" "Not exactly. I think I should waste much of it in experiments, in trying to alleviate the sufferings of humanity. I have often speculated about it, and the first greeting that came to me was, — 'What is a million? What are millions? What do they mean?'" As Eric was silent, Roland asked, "Well, have you found what they mean?" "I have first made this clear to myself. In order to know how great value any sum possesses in itself, I have first asked, 'How much bread could be bought for a million?' And by means of this somewhat childish question, I came, as I believe, upon the right road."

"Which is?"

"I tried to find how many families a million would support. That, I think, is the road, but of course I have not yet reached the end. I repeat, however, that first of all we must make sure that we are strong enough to do the right, at all times, under

all circumstances. What time or circumstances may demand of us, no one can determine beforehand."

"Stay by me always, and help me," begged Roland. Eric took the boy's hand and pressed it, and they went on quietly towards the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR.

THERE is many a chance which seems like a summons. Eric and Roland had spoken of Clodwig on the mountain, and when they reached home, they found a message from him, saying that he and the Countess had returned from the baths, and would visit them to-morrow.

Clodwig was brown from his summer-journey, and Bella looked younger than before, and seemed, as she swept with her long train through the house and park, somewhat like a peacock. As soon as they arrived, Roland gave an account of the curiosities found on the mountain, and his face fairly shone with delight when Clodwig asked him to consider them the starting-point of a museum for himself; for in making a collection of this kind, he would experience a pleasure to which scarcely anything else could be compared. Roland nodded to Eric, and Clodwig told them he had made many valuable acquisitions in his journey, which would soon be sent to him. He had met daily at the Baths a celebrated antiquarian, who had once been a teacher of Eric.

Eric apologized to Clodwig for having slighted his friendly advance, in not visiting him before he set out on his journey, and now another pleasant trait was seen in Clodwig,—that he had not one trace of sensitiveness. Kindness of heart and self-respect combined to cause this trait; he excused every neglect of himself, and, as a man of unquestioned position never thought of injury or slight.

"You are exempt from all apologies with me," he said, taking Eric's hands and holding them as though he were the young man's father. "You have cured me of selfishness. I had not believed that there was so much of it left in me, my dear young friend. Yes, you shall mould your own life, and I will rejoice that I have you for a neighbor. A good neighborhood, with the ancient Romans, was not merely a political arrangement."

They touched glasses and drank to the good neighborhood, and as the old Count drank, his eyes beamed upon Eric.

It was an animated account that Clodwig and his wife alternately, interrupting each other, gave of their having turned aside from

their direct course, and spent a night in the University-town for the purpose of visiting Eric's mother and remaining an entire day with her. At last Clodwig left the field to his wife, who told with great feeling and earnestness of the life of the noble lady. She described the piano-forte in its old place, and the beautiful, dignified figure sitting at work before her window filled with flowers. On the wall before her hung the portraits of her dead husband and of her son, and in a frame by itself was a lock of her mother's hair, hanging between the crayon portraits of her parents. Still she was not at all melancholy, but cheerful and interested in every subject, taking part in every discussion.

Then Bella described the lovely valley, and their visit to the renowned mountain-chapel; and Eric could almost hear his mother's voice, and see her gentle face, as she sat by the beautiful lady, listening to Clodwig, and nodding assent and pleasure. It was for Eric an hour of deep and quiet happiness, laden with the memories of his home.

And not less beaming were Roland's eyes, as he asked:—

"And didn't she speak of me?"

"Almost more than of her own son," Bella answered. And then she turned again to Eric, and could not say enough of the impression which had been made upon her by the sight of a woman like his mother, who, living in another world, yet retained such an interest in this; who, having given up so much, yet possessed everything in herself.

Clodwig smiled, for Bella was repeating the very words he had used; but she continued,— "I think I never understood you, Captain, until I had the happiness of meeting your noble mother. We agreed to write to each other, from time to time, although she absolved me on the spot from any feeling of obligation to do so."

More and more happy, and at home, did Eric feel with Clodwig and Bella, and it seemed as though the spirit of his mother was lingering near them with a benediction.

"But we must not forget your aunt!" Clodwig exclaimed, and then went on to say that he had renewed an old acquaintance with her; he remembered well the dazzling beauty of Fraulein Dournay, and what an excitement was produced when she, a citizen's daughter, was presented at court, and invited everywhere. The story went that she and Prince Hermann, who died in his youth, had loved each other with the purest love, and, for his sake, she had refused all offers of marriage; but of this Clodwig did not speak.

As they were walking in the garden after dinner, Bella said to Eric:—"You have had a very beautiful, happy youth; but one thing was wanting."

"What is that?"

"A sister."

"I would be glad to think that she had come to me," Eric replied, in a low voice.

Bella looked down, for a minute, and then called Roland to her. They went on to the castle, and Clodwig begged the Architect, for the sake of his young friend, Roland, to be very careful whenever traces of further remains were discovered.

The company sat down on a projection of the castle-wall, where the Major had made a comfortable seat. Clodwig and Roland were together, and Bella and Eric were sitting at a little distance from them. She was inclined to be romantic. She had brought from Paris all the new fashions, but now she said to Eric, How foolishly we burden ourselves with superfluities! Then, without any apparent cause, she remarked, that everybody thought she was fond of display and fashion; but she would like best to live in a little fisherman's hut, on the Rhine, in one quiet room, with a bright fire.

"And who would make this fire?" Eric inquired.

Bella started at this question. "We must not be romantic," said she. Then there was a long pause.

At last Eric began. "You have learned to know my mother; if you had known my father, you would have found great pleasure in him too."

"I did know him, but I thank you; I understand that you would have me share all that is yours." There was a heartfelt expression in her voice, and her eyes beamed, and she fixed them upon Eric with such a look, that he turned his own away. Biting her lip, she continued: "You have seen,—yes, you have certainly noticed how I look at you. Now I must fulfil one of Clodwig's wishes, because I think that perhaps I may succeed. He wants me to take your likeness, and I will try; but I must have your young friend with you. Roland, come here," she called, as she saw the boy approaching; and then she explained, with blushes overspreading her face, that she had wished to surprise Clodwig with the portrait on his birthday, but that that was impossible now, and she must do it openly.

"Please, Roland, sit down on the Captain's knee. So,—yes, just so,—put your right hand on his shoulder, but farther forward. Yes; now put your head a little more to the left. Pray say something, Cap-

tain. You must be telling Roland some thing."

"I've nothing to say," replied Eric, smiling.

"That will do; I see the motion of your lips; it will be difficult, but I hope to catch it. When will you sit to me?"

Clodwig was delighted, and said he never liked surprises; a well-prepared and long-expected pleasure was much more desirable. He urged Eric and Roland to be his guests at Wolfsgarten, until the family should come back. But Eric declined with equal friendliness and firmness; he did not like to disarrange the daily routine which he had laid out for Roland; and Clodwig approved of his resolution, and promised to come again soon to the villa with Bella, and have the portrait taken there. Bella wished a photograph of Eric and Roland in the positions she had chosen for them, but Clodwig said that a portrait taken with the help of a photograph was always stiff and unnatural; he condemned photographs of human figures, of which they could give only the mere form, and often wholly out of drawing. Roland had a word to say also, in regard to the picture. Why not have Griffin in it? Clodwig agreed, saying the dog would make a very good foreground.

Bella was out of humor. She had enjoyed companionship and gaiety so long, that she was reluctant to go back to her lonely life among the antiques; perhaps there were further unacknowledged reasons for her regrets. The visit to Eric and Roland was a welcome reprieve to her; but the proud Captain was so reserved, and had always some great principle so ready to apply to even the smallest action, and her husband—his worst weakness was beginning to show itself, the doting fondness of old age—whenever the Captain spoke, Clodwig was wholly absorbed in the young man.

Her features seemed suddenly to become thin and faded, and to lose all roundness. She noticed this, and recovered her self-control. She was especially friendly, and when Eric took leave of her and kissed her hand, he thought he felt a returning pressure on his lips, but perhaps it was a mistake, or arose from some awkwardness on his part. While he was thinking about it, Roland said,—

"I don't know why, but I did not feel comfortable while the Countess was looking at me, did you? and she looked at you so strangely."

"It was the critical look of an artist," answered Eric; but his own words choked him. Who knew whether this reply was the exact truth?

CHAPTER XVII.

TO FORM A MAN.

THE Major sent no notice of his approaching visit; he came himself. He looked very fresh with his reddish-brown face, and his snow-white, short-cut hair, and he said that as often as he had bathed in the warm spring, he felt as if he could remember the very first bath after he was born. He seemed to himself, every time, literally like a new-born child, with an unseen nurse, who bent smiling over him and dipped him gently in the spring. He smiled at everything, at the trees, the roofs, the houses, and now at the faces of his friends.

He was very glad that Eric had taken the boy out of the ranks and was exercising him alone; it was hard, to be sure; but more progress could be made in one day, than in weeks by the other method.

He begged Eric to excuse himself in a few words to Fräulein Milch for not visiting her when she was so lonely, and he urged Eric to come soon, for the Grand Master was there.

The Major, as has been said, lived in a wing of the country-house, beautifully situated on the mountain-side, of which he had the care. With the greatest solicitude the Major preserved his own independence in life, but he felt a deep obligation toward the Grand Master, whose universal friendliness and agreeable conversation he was never weary of extolling. He always wanted to share with him every pleasure and advantage, and now what had he better than Eric, whom he praised so continually that his stock of eulogistic expressions became completely exhausted, and he found more than usual difficulty in saying what he wished.

On his first leisure evening Eric visited the Major. He easily made peace with the Fräulein; and the Major laughed till he choked and had to be brought to with a slap on the back, because he had made a joke, a most unusual thing with him, about Eric's confinement for six weeks.

Fräulein Milch told of Eric's glory at the singing festival, and the Major said, —

"That's good. At our feasts, singers are very important. But can you sing, 'These holy halls'?"

Eric regretted that the air was too low for his voice.

"Then sing something else; sing for Fräulein Milch."

Eric had difficulty in declining this friendly request, and Fräulein Milch thanked him, and helped him carry out his wish to defer the performance to some appointed even-

ing. The so-called Grand Master was as disagreeable in his behavior, as Fräulein Milch was charming. There was something unpleasantly patronizing in his manner; it seemed as if he were so accustomed to flattery, that only a simple unpretending nature, like the Major's, could be at ease with him. The Major took great pains to bring his true friends together, but he did not succeed. The Grand Master behaved arrogantly towards Eric throughout. He addressed him only as "Young man," and gave him instruction and advice, as if Eric were in his employ. It required all Eric's self-possession, to show the man, good-temperedly, the impropriety of his treatment for the Grand Master was so inconsiderate as to speak, even in Roland's presence, of the want of experience of the "young man," who had, of course, come to him only to listen to his oracular sayings; and his whole manner of speaking had something oracular about it, as he gesticulated with outstretched hands, as if sowing seed. Eric kept his temper enough to treat this insolent creature as a singular, natural phenomenon. He patiently allowed himself to be patronized, and when Eric had gone, the Head Master said to the Major, — "That young man has ideas."

It is true, Eric had not expressed any ideas, but he had listened well, and so was awarded praise for them, which was a great deal from the Grand Master, who considered that nobody but himself had properly any ideas; and the whole world ought to come to him to be taught. When Eric returned to the Major's, he found a messenger, who had come to say that Clodwig, Bella, and Pranken would come there the next day. Roland had gone into the court with Fräulein Milch to admire the young ducks.

The Major now asked on what terms Eric stood with Pranken. Eric could only answer that Pranken had been very friendly, and considerate, in his treatment of him.

The Major, who had risen through every grade of the militia from drummer-boy up, lived in a constant state of resentment against the haughtiness of his noble-born comrades; he admonished Eric, however, to conduct himself gratefully towards Pranken, who was really a very well-mannered fellow, in spite of his noble birth; an obstacle that it was very hard for the Major to get over. He thought that Pranken deserved Eric's gratitude for having introduced him into his present position, and reminded Eric that he had also been the means of his gaining so valuable a friend as Clodwig.

As Eric and Roland were going towards home, Eric said,

"Now, Roland, we will show that we do not allow ourselves to be disturbed; come what will, we will have our studies uninterrupted; we won't see visitors except in play-hours. You see, Roland, this is one great difficulty in life. From complaisance towards the world, and from an unwillingness to appear disobliging and ungracious to our friends, we often allow our own privacy to be invaded. Against this we must stand firmly: each must just be something for himself, and then come out into the world. He who cannot exist for himself may possess the world, but not himself."

In the consciousness of fulfilling his duty, Eric became again strong and self-contained, and scattered every disturbing influence far away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER-CURRENTS.

THE visit took place. Pranken rode behind the carriage in which Clodwig and Bella were seated; on the back seat of the carriage stood a frame-work covered with paper, and a handsome box ornamented with inlaid work, which held the crayons.

Eric and Roland received the guests, and Eric begged them to make themselves at home; he had had everything arranged by the servants; he would himself be at their service in an hour, when lessons were over.

The visitors looked at each other in astonishment.

Pranken looked strangely changed; a deeper seriousness was in his face; now he shrugged his shoulders, and burst into a mocking laugh.

Bella thought Eric's conduct extremely formal and pedantic; Clodwig declared it showed a beautiful trait of character; but Pranken saw only idle display in this assumption of duty; the young man — he said this quite in the tone of the Grand Master — the young man wished to make a great impression with his faithfulness to duty.

Meantime they made themselves comfortable, and it was not to be denied that Eric had shown great thought for the pleasure of his guests, in his floral decorations, and other arrangements.

The hour was soon over, and Eric returned to his guests in that fresh and cheerful mood, which only the conquest over one's self and the consciousness of duty fulfilled can ever give.

He had selected a good room, looking towards the North, and after a lunch the drawing began.

Clodwig remained with his wife; Roland, who was to be drawn later, went with

Pranken to the stables. Pranken conducted himself in the house as Sonnenkamp's natural representative, or as a son of the family; he had the horses brought out, he examined the gardenwork, and praised the servants.

"I never saw you looking so serious and anxious," said Clodwig to Eric. And, indeed, Eric's expression was full of uneasiness, for he suspected that Pranken was now talking about him to Roland.

What can all education, all firm guidance effect, when one is not sure for a moment that some foreign influence is not working against it? We must comfort ourselves by thinking that no one man can form another, but the whole world forms each man. Eric, meanwhile, could not but dread what Pranken might be saying to his pupil.

First, Pranken asked whether Roland had read the daily portion in the book that Manna sent him.

Roland said, no, directly, and then came a confused jumble of Benjamin Franklin, of Crassus, of Hiawatha, of the observations of storms by the telegraphist, and of Bancroft's History of the United States.

Pranken nodded; he asked if Roland wrote often to Manna, and Roland said yes.

Pranken now told him that he had trained a snow-white Hungarian horse for Manna, and added: —

"You can tell her so, when you write, or not, as you please."

He knew, of course, that Roland was sure not to forget any information which he was allowed to impart, especially if it was about a snow-white horse with red trappings. Pranken promised that Roland should himself ride the animal some day.

"Has it a name?" asked Roland.

Pranken smiled; he perceived that his communication had interested Roland extremely, and he answered, —

"Yes, its name is Armida."

Just then Roland was called in, as he was needed for the sketch. When the outline was completed, the drawing was laid aside for awhile.

In a half-confidential, half-commanding tone, Pranken asked Eric to go out with him alone, and in a friendly, even unusually friendly manner, he entered into a discourse upon Roland's education. And now, for the first time, Eric heard Pranken speak seriously of his strict religious convictions.

He was amazed. Was this all put on, in order to win more securely the rich heiress educated in the Convent?

But it certainly was not necessary for Pranken, when no one could see and remark upon it, in travelling, and at the Baths,

to unite himself so closely with ecclesiastics. Was it not rather probable that a conversion had really taken place in this worldly man, and that upon just such a nature the stability and unchangeableness of the Church would take the surest hold?

"I consider it my duty, and you will give me the credit of considering it a duty," said Pranken suddenly, laying his hand on his heart, "to give you some confidential information."

"If I can do anything, I shall feel myself honored by your confidence; but if I can be of no use, I would rather avoid an unnecessary share in a secret."

Pranken was astonished at this reluctance, and was inclined to be displeased, but he restrained himself, and continued, in a higher tone:—

"You know that Herr Sonnenkamp—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you. Does Herr Sonnenkamp know that you are making this confidential communication to me?"

"Good Heavens!" Pranken broke out,—"but no, I am wrong. I respect this regard to your position."

He was silent for a few minutes; it occurred to him that, instead of what he had meant to say, he might warn Eric not to have too much to do with Bella. But would not this be an insinuation against his sister? He decided to go back to his first plan, and said shortly, —

"I think I may tell you that I am almost a son of this house. Fräulein Sonnenkamp is as good as engaged to me."

"If Fräulein Sonnenkamp is like her brother, I can congratulate you heartily. I thank you for your unexpected, and as yet undeserved, confidence; may I ask why you have honored me with it?"

Pranken became more inwardly enraged, but outwardly still more flattering; he nervously worked his right hand, as if he were using a riding-whip, but he smiled very condescendingly and said, —

"I have not been mistaken in you." After a pause he continued:—"I acknowledge fully your considerateness."

He did not answer directly the question as to the cause of his confidence, and there was hardly time, for Roland now called Eric to the sitting.

"One would think ten years had passed since I left off drawing," said Bella, "you look so much older now."

Eric could not speak out his thoughts. The way in which Pranken had treated him, and the manner in which he had borne himself, disturbed him very much. He was sitting now quite still, but it seemed to him as if he were being rent asunder. He felt

that there was something fundamentally false in his relations with Pranken. They were both aware of the contrast and discord which existed between them; they ought either to have been open enemies, or to have passed each other with indifference; and yet some spell seemed to draw them together, and to persuade them into apparent friendliness.

All misery springs from untruthfulness. The world would be quite a different place, and much misery would be saved, could we be true at all times, and not allow ourselves to be led into lasting relations and obligations, while we silence the inward remonstrance by saying, — It will all turn out well; the matter need not be taken so seriously. But in thousands of cases the lie is concealed, veiled, beautified, as in that Bible-story, where the serpent overcomes all opposition, all argument, by the words, — "Only eat, and you will not die, but only become wise."

The great punishment of a relation founded on false grounds is, that it constantly demands from us farther untruthfulness; either openly recognized as such, or concealed by our self-deception, and at last the lie takes on the appearance of virtue, changes all the foundation of our character, silences the protests which our better nature makes, and says, You must not desert your friend; you have been friends so long, you have received so much from him, and have done so much for him; it would break up your whole life; you would take a large portion from it, if you gave him up. No! you must now hold firmly together. And so the lie grows and poisons life. All sorrow and all unhappiness, all misunderstanding and deceit, arise from the fault that man will not be faithful to himself. The devil of lies goes about, seeking whom he may devour.

It is true there is no devil that you can see so as to describe him in the military style, but close by every divine idea which in its ultimate foundation is nothing but Truth, dwells the Lie, and is always capable of assuming the form and language of its neighbor.

All these thoughts were tossing and raging in Eric's soul as he sat for his portrait. Could any one at that moment have painted the picture of his soul, it would have been an unparalleled distortion.

At last, Bella declared she could not draw him as he then looked, and the sitting was postponed.

They all went to dinner, which passed cheerfully, for the Doctor joined them. In the evening, they went out rowing on the

Rhine, and Roland told how beautifully Eric could sing; but Eric could not be persuaded to give them a single song. He was bantered on having displayed his talent at the musical festival, by Pranken especially, who spoke in a friendly tone, but with a most cutting manner.

In the evening, when the fire-flies were darting here and there in the dusky park, Eric walked with Bella, while Clodwig sat in the balconied room, turning over the leaves of an album filled with new photographic views of Rome, and, at many a page, looking far away into the past.

Roland walked with Pranken, and they talked of Manna. Pranken knew well how to suggest what he should write of him. In walking, they passed and repassed Eric and Bella, and Pranken looked surprised at seeing his sister leaning on the young man's arm. Like glancing fire-flies, the brilliant flashes of wit lighted up their conversation, but left longer trains of light behind them. Bella and Eric spoke in a low tone, and often, as the others passed near them, they stopped speaking. Bella talked again about her good husband, — she always called him her "good husband," — and said how thoughtfully Eric understood him, not only, if she might say so, with his mind, but with his heart.

"You have made a new phrase," said Eric, and Bella repeated her newly-coined expression, with as much pleasure as if she had found a new style of head-dress which suited her face alone.

Eric was pedantic enough to go back to the original subject of discussion, and said warmly, how delightful it was to find Beauty and Peacefulness, not only in one's own ideal, but in real life; to reach out one's hand to them and look into their calm, clear eyes.

"You are a good man, and I believe an honest one," said Bella, and pulling off her glove she lightly tapped with it on Eric's hand.

"It is no merit to be honest," said Eric. "I could almost wish I could be untruthful; no, — not untruthful, but a little more reticent sometimes."

It was charming and edifying, to hear how Bella now extolled the beauty and happiness of a thoroughly honest nature; and she spoke in a tone of deep emotion, as she added, that she might have won early in life a most brilliant lot, if she could have feigned a very little love. Eric did not know what to answer, and this caused one of those pauses which Pranken, passing with Roland, observed.

Bella went on to say, that it is always a blessing to do anything to help a human being; it falls to the lot of one person, to do this for a fellow-creature in the morning of life — here she bent her head towards Eric — while another does it for one in the decline of life, when the sacrifice, quiet and unrecognized, can only be rewarded by the consciousness of the service rendered.

At a bend of the road, it happened, very naturally, that Eric walked with Roland, and Pranken with his sister. Roland was jealous of Bella, of every person; jealous at every word, at every look, that Eric directed to any one but himself; he wished to have him wholly to himself. And as Roland now exhibited his childish humor, Eric shrunk into himself affrighted; he had not only allowed himself to be diverted from Roland, but perhaps also had been committing a wrong in a different direction. There was yet time for him to retrace his steps. He went to bid Clodwig good-night, and he was almost pleased to find that he had already retired to rest.

THE cause of animal protection, firmly established in England, has gained much ground on the Continent. A society for this purpose has been formed in Amsterdam, which stands under the direct auspices of the Dutch Royal family. Its influence is gradually spreading, and a monthly review, recently established under the promising title of *Androcles* (sufficiently indicating its tendency), will, no doubt, contribute considerably to the popularization of that noble idea, — legal protection of animals against wilful ill-treatment.

THE scientific world of Paris are, according to Paris papers, undergoing considerable anxiety in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of Viscount d'Archiac, Professor of Palaeontology in the Museum of Natural History. It appears that he left his official rooms in the Museum on the 15th of last December, wearing his ordinary "habit de travail," and that on the same day he posted letters to his brother professors and friends, bidding them farewell; since which period he has not been heard of.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
VAPOURS, FEARS, AND TREMORS.

THERE are few persons, probably, who do not know what it is to awake in the early hours of the morning, when vitality is said to be at its lowest, with a load on mind and spirits, a sense of things going all wrong with us, a worry of other people's misdoings, a panic of self-mistrust, a horror of impending evil. One sting after another starts us broad awake. The real anxieties of the past day grow into the dimensions of despair, molehills swell into mountains, a feverish activity in self-tormenting raises a host of goblins out of our most trifling blunders. Memory recalls long-past mistakes, and sets them up in hideous enlargement: cheek-by-jowl with these bristles the words and deeds of yesterday, charged with a baleful significance, and pregnant with evil issues, which nothing but a prompt reversal can avert. Something must be done, and that instantly. If the post went out at four o'clock in the morning, if the household and the outer world were astir to act out the programme of undoing with which our disturbed fancy is so busily prolific, there is no knowing what spectacle we might not present, or how low our credit for discretion might sink, leaving the world with a different opinion of our discretion from what we trust to be its present estimate. But with this painful experience comes also the calming recollection that this morbid conscience has but a shortlived reign, and leaves little trace upon our actions. We settle it, perhaps, that something has disagreed with us or we were overtaken the day before, and the nervous system deranged. We lay aside the hours of fidgets as we do our dreams—nobody need be the wiser. We relapse into hope and complacency. There is no more question of undoing the past; we live in the present and work for the future as before.

It is well, however, to recall these restless, agitated, unreasonable moments (for we are not concerned here with the workings of true compunction), if we have ever experienced them, as they should teach us tenderness and forbearance towards a very trying class. For an hour our nerves had been painfully excited: there are people whose whole lives, or long periods of them, are passed in precisely the condition of thought and feeling we have described. We can laugh at ourselves when we emerge from this fantastical purgatory, but there are some who never emerge. As with the lotus-eaters it was always afternoon; as some men for the whole of the twenty-four hours take an easy after-dinner view of life; as some sanguine busy natures live always

in "glad, confident morning,"—so there are some with whom it is always two or three or four hours after midnight, when the sky is at its darkest, and no ray of the dawning has yet showed itself. And these are the victims of their nerves—the unhappy people who cannot throw off the bugbear of the night by inhaling one draught of spring's delicious air, or by throwing themselves into their appointed work, or by seeking the invigorating society of their fellows—people who have for their daylight prompters the uneasy suggestions and misgivings which only visited our couch once and away, swarming and buzzing round our pillow through some special conjuration—prompters malignantly bent on their exposure, which can by no means be thrust aside by one gallant spring in the cheerful world of life and fact, but are perpetually betraying them into exhibitions of caprice, wilfulness, irresolution, fears, tremors and what not, disturbing the general serenity; but which, if they annoy and exasperate others, are in truth infinitely more annoying and exasperating to themselves.

Very provoking these people are, no doubt; so very trying to others that we are apt to forget that themselves are most tried of all. When persons won't let others be at peace, it is difficult to do them justice, and not to suppose that in worrying us they are pleasing themselves—difficult not to reply to their querulous greetings, their "good mornings," which cast an ominous gloom, in the tone of the man in the play, "The morning is a very good morning, ma'am, if you don't spoil it." For though waking fits of morbid depression, as far as we can judge, visit pretty impartially men and women alike, and many a man engaged in important designs can echo Pope's experience of the terrible morning thoughts and haunting dreams that attended upon the beginning of his 'Iliad,'—which sat so heavy upon him that he wished anybody would hang him a hundred times—the world's domestic experience of this temperament, acting, suffering, and teasing in broad daylight, is commonly through woman's weaker, more susceptible organization. Men are nervous, hipped, blue-devilled, but when they give the reins to this temper they pass into another stage altogether. They rarely reach the feminine point without going beyond it. Odd stories get abroad; we don't know what to think. It belongs to woman to reach the extreme of unreasonableness without exciting any real fears for her reason.

Hence a man with whims and grotesque fears and fancies is regarded as something

exceptional; but the class of nervous women—that is, women under the tyranny of their nerves—though in reality a perfectly distinct class, colours our whole idea of the female sex. Instead of being held fantastic exceptions, they constitute with many men the feminine ideal. Of course the main reason for this lies in an inherent distinction. The nerves do not play the same part in the different organizations. But also the nerves, to achieve their fullest tyranny, need a will at liberty to act out its volitions; and man has both a wider range and a stronger will to carry out his conceptions, whether wise or foolish, besides being gifted with a more eccentric invention; so that, when a prey to morbid influences, he soon establishes for himself an individuality; while woman naturally follows a lead. Then, again, the manifestations of undue nervous excitement are viewed very differently in men and women. No man is thought the better of by anybody, whether man or woman, for having any touch of the hysterical temperament. He gets no encouragement; but women, up to a point, are indulged in it. A man thinks none the worse of a woman for being a coward; on the contrary, his own vigour and courage are magnified in the comparison. Youth and beauty are never so attractive to him as when owning weakness and suing for protection. And as civilised life furnishes few daily opportunities for protecting on a large scale, occasions must be invented. It is very true that “on ne se guérit pas d'un défaut qui plait.” And while it is thought charming to show fear of the smallest mouse that creeps on floor,—to be the victim of a hundred unaccountable whims, feminine nervousness will not be checked in the bud as it ought. Moreover, when the nerves ally themselves to temper (the most worrying exhibition of the disorder), and become veritable tyrants, the tyranny is less wounding to man's self-love than subjugation to a stronger nature,—to the firm unflinching resolve of a stolidly reasonable woman. In the one instance he submits to weakness, in the other to strength. It is soothing to his pride when a man has to give way, that he yields because he has to do with a mind incapable of bearing reason, because she is the weaker vessel—a similitude which does not apply indiscriminately to all women. As an example, that a certain subjugation to unreasoning impulses is supposed to be typical of the whole sex, Shakespeare is considered to represent in his Constance, “a very woman.” Now she is only a woman of a cer-

tain class. It is commonly assumed that the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's time had no nerves, which are always treated as a modern distemper. This notion will probably always prevail. “Our grandmothers” and great-grandmothers are invariably considered a more matter-of-fact rational class than the fine ladies of the day, for this sad reason, that the whimsical part of the sex has ever been the prominent part; that what is charming and bewildering is not often reasonable, and that men in every age have liked women for their follies and their faults. Hence, the examples which stand out in a past age are never those that reigned in men's hearts, or swayed the surface of society. That there were nerves in Shakespeare's day we need not question; and that they performed pretty much the same part that they do now we see from this one impersonation, where the hysterical temper is shown in magnificent, eloquent, heroic proportions. Constance is evidently a woman who, in no part of her life, had ever dreamt of controlling herself. She exercises power, not through her nobler qualities, but through her weakness, her fears, and, we will add, her selfishness—a thing inseparable from fumes and frenzies of any kind. Not that her troubles are any of them illusory, which often enough happens; they are real and bitter enough; but she meets them, not with her reason, but her passions, and in a quiver of excitement, tolerating no other point of view but her own. In the first place, when Salisbury brings her the news of the hated marriage of Louis and Blanche, she turns upon him in weak anger for making her uncomfortable. She abuses him, calls him a “common man”—a “fellow”—and threatens him,

“Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me.”

Then follows the beautiful passionate picture of a timid, self-abandoned nature:—

“For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

A widow husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman naturally born to fears;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.”

It is the peculiarity of fear, as a passion, that it holds the mind fast to itself; and Constance, fond mother though she is, yet cannot but dwell on her own part in the sorrow, and view her child's peril in relation to it. Arthur, like all people who have to do with such women, has to merge

his affair in the matter into hers, and to soothe, —

"I do beseech you, madame, be content."

Her answer is significant, characterising the nature of affection, not of all women, but of a particular temper. She could easily have been content if her son had been ugly. She loves him through her eyes, through the qualities which minister to pride or complacency. It is unfair to many a devoted mother to say this tone is typical of all women.

"If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim, Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains, Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks, I would not care, I then would be content; For then I should not love thee."

She absorbs and concentrates the whole weight of calamity into herself; as a fact she never once contemplates Arthur's fate apart from her own. "Get thee gone," she says to Salisbury, —

"And leave those woes alone, which I alone Am bound to underbear."

Even where she rises into sublimity, she is still representative of a class, not of her sex generally.

"To me and to the state of my great grief, Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great That no supporter but the huge firm earth Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit: Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

A good many peevish excitable natures set themselves on a throne of suffering, — seeing only the dark side, and enhancing every trying circumstance — who fail of the eloquence which wins for poor Constance a world of sympathisers. The effect her paroxysms produce on her son are more closely allied with our experience. For himself he cries in weariness, —

"I am not worth this coil that's made for me;" while the spectacle of her passion makes him regard her as the principal in all the transactions plotting against himself, —

"O this will make my mother die with grief."

In one other circumstance Constance is representative. She had no one to control her, and this is an essential condition to the full development of the hysterical temper. A weak and yielding husband is the negative influence which has commonly afforded the most favorable soil for the establishing of a tyranny of this sort: so it is represented in comedy, so it is found in our experience. A woman must know no mas-

ter to develop to the full her unhappy subjugation to her nervous system; but to have somebody by her side whose control ought to tell, but does not, may be observed to constitute a sort of hotbed for the growth of whims and fancies. It is here that we see their full sway. We do not say that any amount of nervous irritation relieves of responsibility. Many a woman with this excuse for self-abandonment exercises over her nature a control so strict that none but herself knows her temptations. But what we would plead for the women who apparently do not attempt this task of self-restraint is, that the work is — often beyond the conception of most persons — difficult, and needing an effort of unrecognised self-mastery that amounts to heroism. What we reproach in them as a wilful disturbance of the general peace — as a deliberate indulgence of temper or some studied invention of caprice and unreasonableness — may be at worst only a proclivity yielded to; a failure of effort, where effort is felt to be, though it is not, impossible. It is a posture of mind needing to be overridden with a strong hand — sometimes realising this need for itself. Under firm control it learns reason or causes only individual suffering; but humoured it absolutely requires victims. A habit of interference grows with indulgence. It learns to look out for food for its alarms, to be on the watch for uneasiness, to consider itself the arbiter and dictator for all within reach of its infinite suggestions.

This is one reason for the saying that no woman shows what she is till she is married. Many a woman who, single, undistinguished, kept by circumstances in the background, with none dependent on her, her own claims subordinate to half a hundred others, however constitutionally a prey to her nerves, devours their harassing promptings in silence. She knows that they would not be tolerated — that while now endured as a harmless cipher, by any development of troublesome whims she would be thrust aside altogether. But marriage brings a sphere: husband, children, servants, are her born subjects. If naturally conscientious, nerves stimulate conscience, as they do everything else, into very restless action — every conceivable mischance suggesting some burdensome precaution enforced and exacted as a duty. This dominion of a diseased conscience is not only more galling but not so easily evaded as any control exercised by dispassionate reason, or what passes for such. In the first place, reason, because it is rea-

son, mistrusts itself, and admits the doctrine of chance and the more or less probable; but nerves are beyond this. Every possibility is a certainty in the sense of its absorbing the mind and shutting out any other view of the question. Allowed their sway they see every contingency, at which they take alarm as a *fait accompli*, unless their system of precaution is followed. If, for example, a mother has listened to the voice of her nerves till they silence reason, she is afraid of everything for her children: afraid they should eat too much; afraid they should overhear themselves if they play heartily; afraid they should catch a fever every time they pass a cottage; afraid they should fall over a precipice, or into the water, or over the banisters, every time they are out of her sight, or liberated from strict surveillance. No possibilities are too remote, no precautions too curious and fantastic to guard against them. These and kindred fancies grow by what they feed on; the duty of attending to them swallows up all other duties. They propagate themselves by indulgence, and ramify into every department of life. So long as authority lasts, obedience is exacted with the remorseless exigency of fear. A rigid and prying system of limitations prevails. Nervous fears necessarily range themselves on the side of cheek and caution. They disqualify from a large view; it is some imminent peril that is to be guarded against: the future may take care of itself. The mother loves her children and her husband, but is always in the way of their pleasures. Some hidden phantom of possible calamity warns her against enjoyment and natural expansion; and while her tormentors keep her quaking and trembling in a tension, known in hysterical language as fiddle-strings — our readers will recall Mrs. Gamp, "Which fiddle-strings is weakness, to expredge my nerves this night," — the objects of this morbid devotion are passing through an experience, and storing up memories very much the reverse of what these throes should earn. Where a child is kept on short commons lest a full, satisfying, appetising diet should possibly give form to some lurking mischief, he is pretty sure as a man to remember the hunger, and to retain obstinate resentful faith in the strength of his infantine digestion. No nervous subject is capable of imagining or believing in any enjoyment uncongenial to his or her own nature: hence there is no misgiving in depriving others of a hazardous pleasure, because the hazard would more than neutralise it in their case. They are necessarily indifferent to the disappointments, they

cause. They have averted a possible danger — and they scarcely acknowledge a step between possible and imminent — by interference or non-compliance; and whatever suffering they undergo, none of it is caused by inflicting a pang upon young imprudence. Nothing can be more inexorable than a temper under the dominion of its nerves, where caution is stimulated by fear. People in this state are deaf to reason, and, from their non-sympathetic condition, equally deaf to appeals to their feelings; they would do much that nobody wants them to do, but they are adamant on the particular point at issue.

How is it possible to hint at the infinite suggestions of unstrung or over-strung nerves engaged in a pursuit of boundless possibilities? Imagination is let loose, but still wing-bound, to run and snuff along the ground for all conceivable contingencies. Every trifle she first magnifies, then tracks to some wild issue. For her there ever sits "the shadow feared of man" in some dreaded waste near at hand. And it is part of the absorbing tyranny of over-mastering nerves, that they shut out natural perception. They are not checked by the fear of communicating their own tremors. Hence nervous people are the worst nurses in the world: they cannot dispense with the relief of giving utterance to their fears. It is their notion of sympathy to take a dark view; to be lavish of lugubrious pity; to treat every ailment as the beginning of something worse. A mother hanging over a beloved child will give way aloud to a succession of hideous prophecies. She expresses the depth of her affection through exaggeration. Not to be full of forebodings is to be careless and indifferent. If the weak stomach turns from the proffered draught, and there has been talk of a mad dog any time within six months, she will not scruple to suggest hydrophobia among a thousand other diseases as a possible cause. She is so accustomed to a train of contingent horrors, one driving another out of the field, that the thought that one of them may stick and haunt, where she could least intend it, never restrains her. And this because, whoever suffers, it is the habit of a morbid sensibility to take for granted that self suffers most: what she can bear cannot be supposed to affect tougher natures.

After all, it sometimes strikes us that there must be amusement in a ready invention for horrors, as in all other exercises of the fancy. At least it is not unlikely that the indulgence of expression, of giving a tongue and a name to every fear, de-

spatches it to some limbo, leaving the mind that gave it birth free for some new chimera. Scapin, cajoling his patron, commends the advice of an ancient philosopher to men returning home from ever so short an absence, that "il doit promener son esprit sur tous les facheux accidents que son retour peut rencontrer; se figurer sa maison brûlée, son argent dérobé, sa femme morte, son fils estropié, et ce qu'il trouve qui ne lui est point arrivé, l'imputer a bonne fortune." The restless spirits we speak of carry out this advice half-way through every concern of life, but here they stop. They are not thankful for what does not happen. They contemplate every form of calamity, but never congratulate themselves on their *bonne fortune* if one and all does not befall them. If it is not that it may be something else. It is very obvious that this is a habit that must grow with exercise and liberty of speech. If there is nobody to listen, if there is authority to stop it, this hotbed of fears lowers its temperature; but where there is no check, all parties suffer. It is important to remember who suffers most; but nobody can be comfortable where a nervous temperament is permitted, and permits itself, unchecked indulgence. Observe how this temper, allowing itself to act on its immediate impulses, uniformly breaks up every conversation it is not engaged in; how it puts a stop to the flow of thought and mirth, sport and pastime, by the suggestion of something to be avoided, and some other thing to be done. We may see—where there is no obvious ground for this instinct of interruption—a painful search of eye and mind for an excuse to stop what is going on easily, pleasantly, carelessly, and therefore in such strong contrast to the workings of a harassed restless spirit. Miss Brontë, in her character of Mrs. Yorke, in 'Shirley'—hard yet true—shows the demoralising effect of this undisciplined temper in the head of a house. The vigorous sons learn to play on her hysterical tendencies; nobody pities her; and the family generally find it so difficult to enjoy themselves with such a nature in the ascendant, that a sort of tacit compact exists to snatch a fearful joy while they can, and at any expense of her nerves—knowing that when the sharp nose shows itself, and the restless eye dwells on them, all sport will be over. It is true that Miss Brontë treats these nerves as a pretence, as mere temper; but we have little doubt that the original from whom Mrs. Yorke was drawn was an object of compassion; and that, even if self-restraint might have

suppressed her exasperating habits, nobody knew the effort it would require. In fact, there is a "too late" for the treatment of this fatal malady. But all literature agrees to ignore any excuse for men or women making themselves disagreeable. "There is no real life but cheerful life," says the 'Spectator.' If a man cannot enjoy himself, he must stay at home. If he laments in company, where others are in a humour to enjoy themselves, he must not take it ill to be presented by the servant with a porringer of caudle as a hint he had better go to bed. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasiness, and dislikes of our own are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. Considering how little satisfaction there is to get out of life, we should be more tender of our friends than to bring them the little sorrows that do not belong to them. And women, he would have us think, more generally sinned against the duty of being cheerful. "A great part of female elegance," he observes, "consists in describing uneasiness. Take a fine lady of a delicate frame, you will observe from the hour she rises a certain weariness of all that passes about her." Pope of course takes the same line, and warns the ladies against a prevailing faith in flights and vapours—

"And trust me, dears! good-humour will prevail
When airs and flights and screams and scolding fail."

Miss Austen, just as she generally is, is satirical over this temper, as the effect of mere folly, wilfulness, and selfishness. Her Mrs. Bennett takes to hysterics and her bed in trouble; and the cynical husband's remark is, "This is a parade that does one good, it gives such an elegance to misfortune! Another day I will do the same. I will sit in my library in my nightcap and powdering-gown, and give as much trouble as I can." And even good amiable Mr. Woodhouse is shown up in the gentle "selfishness," which in truth belongs to everything morbid—that minute worrying, perpetual interference, that trusts nobody, and is so full of its own creeping fears and precautions, that it is absolutely blind to the thoughts and feelings and aims of those nearest it. Nor can we regret that literature has been hard-hearted. Its influence has done much to drive hysterics from the parlour to the kitchen. It is very important to show that the loss of self-control, whatever it may once have been, is no longer interesting, even with youth and beauty to back it; it is opposed

to the reticence of modern manners. And when these potent forces are in the wane, the remark of Lady Charlotte Lindsay on Queen Caroline's deportment at her trial is applicable to every loss of self-command,—"I fear" that on the wrong side of fifty, a woman does not create much interest by being in a passion." While we pity and excuse, we own it is well that some people should learn what others *may* be thinking of them, that they should have forced upon their imagination an unwelcome truth. For of all people the victims of their nerves are least conscious of the figure they make in others' eyes—they know themselves least. There is, indeed, in most persons a trustful persuasion that, in showing themselves without disguise, they are carrying people along with them and making a favourable impression. They are relying on a supposed inexhaustible fund of sympathy, and unconsciously they infuse flattery in the appeal to secure it. But when people abandon the idea of self-mastery they lose this tact, run foul of others' right and expectations, indulge themselves in any amount of insinuation while enlarging on their own grievances, and go away in entire unconsciousness that they have made an enemy or cooled a friend in the process. We shall hear persons of this character lament over the unkindness of the world in seeming blindness of their own share in bringing it about. Their own rights and claims, their own trials and suffering, are prominent to the obscuring of every other view.

Even where there are naturally warm affections, this temperament is unfriendly to friendship, and doubles and trebles the difficulty in observing its duties. A hundred jealousies obtrude themselves on the one hand, balanced by as many omissions on the other. Mistrust is inseparable from it, causing failure in cordiality at critical times; the expression of this mistrust equally so, uttered with a provoking unconsciousness of any grievances but on one side. Yet there may be virtues and noble qualities, which should be taken as compensations: and it needs only some insight into the overstrung susceptibilities which cause these eddies and undercurrents, some surplus of indulgence on the stronger side, some patience, for things to right themselves, and a good understanding to be maintained through it all. But this forbearance is not a common quality. Few can undertake more than their own share of mild tolerance and patience; hence a morbid temperament has few friends, and is apt,

as time gets on, to find itself alone; a victim, as it supposes, of the world's unkindness; incapable to the end of taking in, much less of profiting by, the lesson which may be derived from the isolation.

In so far as this irritability of temperament is matter of organisation, it may possibly be regarded as removed from the field of moral science; but while we assert it to be a reality, as opposed to the mere affectation, ill-temper, or wilfulness, with which it is so generally confounded, we would adduce it as an argument for a more systematic education than has hitherto been thought necessary for women. The fact that so many women are unreasonable as to implicate the whole sex in the aspersion, should surely reconcile people to the attempt at infusing some more solid elements into their training. Men who oppose the present movement altogether, under the fear that mental discipline and exact teaching would make women masculine, would do well to consider that there are women still who do not reach even to the feminine ideal of sober consistency and rational self-government—who live in a sort of dissolution of the reasoning powers, mere pensioners on the general forbearance. One way to check the tendencies we have described is to begin a moral training of the intellect betimes—to instil habits of work, to cultivate the attention, to compel thought. Women are often unreasonable because they have been allowed to think reasoning out of their range—something unfeminine, strong-minded, and as such unattractive. Really to think out a question—to carry it back to its causes and forward to its results—is rarely part of a woman's education. She is complimented on her instincts and intuitive perceptions; and where the temper is equal and the mental health perfect, these gifts of nature stand her in such stead that her lucky hits and happy self-guidance keep her ignorance and blunders out of sight, and perhaps immaterial. But irritable nerves disturb the scent, as it were, and put instinct out of gear. Nerves want check and control, and no authority is equal to a woman's own over herself, if she can be taught to exercise it. Many a woman passes through life without one close grasp of what is her position or her duty, or even what are the proper means for attaining her ends. It is true that woman can catch an educated tone at much less expense of mind than it costs men. She passes muster under disadvantages which would throw him out of the lists; but still she may suffer from want of discipline, the necessity of fixing the mind for long periods and at

stated times on distasteful studies, which every schoolboy goes through.

It is not only that women have less reasoning power, but also that they are less taught to reason, which may be the cause that there are so many more unreasonable women than unreasonable men. By unreasonable we do not mean illogical; we do not mean an incapacity to reason in words, or even consciously in thought, but that perversity of the reason which prompts so many to run counter to their own wishes and aims—which leads them to want a thing, and do everything in their power not to get it. Many sufficiently strong-minded women do not reason well. We can see no connection between their argument and their conclusion, between the object desired and the road they take to it; but they carry their point, which is the thing necessary, and in which the unreasonable woman fails. Now we do not call Mrs. Glegg, in spite of appearances, unreasonable in the following dialogue between husband and wife. Mr. Glegg is conversing with a packman on his own garden-walk, when,

"Mr. Glegg, Mr. Glegg," said a severe voice from the open parlour-window, "pray are you coming in to tea? or are you going to stand talking with packmen till you get murdered in the open daylight?"

"Murdered!" said Mr. Glegg, "what's the woman talking of?"

"Murdered! yes; it isn't many 'sized ago since a packman murdered a young woman in a lone place, and stole her thimble, and threw her body into a ditch."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Glegg, soothingly, "you're thinking o' the man wi' no legs as drove a dog-cart."

"Well, it's the same thing, Mr. Glegg, only you're so fond of contradicting what I say."

The wife is not here acting the unreasonable woman, because what she says conduces to her end, which was to maintain her consequence by breaking up a conversation in which she had no share. Women may be unreasonable through sheer hard-headed perversity, as—

"Daphne knows with equal ease
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised.
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquered, never yielding;
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right."

They are oftenest unreasonable from not

using their judgment beyond their immediate needs; as Andrew Fairservice says, "They're fashious bargains, aye crying for apricocks, pears, plums, and apples, without distinction o' seasons," and are very apt in this way to make unjust demands, and to form preposterous expectations, without the nerves having any hand in it. Narrow education leaves many women content to be ignorant of a hundred matters passing before their eyes, the source and origin of things perpetually in use unsought into. It is enough to have them within their call. Men are unobservant; but we believe the degree in which women are so has much to do with their indifference to the charge of unreasonableness. They leave to men the labour of thought. In the same way women encourage in themselves the stolid unreason of prejudice. They are careless and defiant of reason, because they are not expected to think, and do not regard reason as their province. Mere weakness of mind—it speaks for itself—is unreasonable. We see amiable fatuity wasting kindness of wrong objects, scrupulous in the wrong place, and sticking where it should give way. A woman of this sort will throw herself away, and then provoke her bad bargain of a husband by useless obstinacy in trifles. There are clever women, unreasonable from a want of balance of their powers, who alternate between wisdom and folly, penetration and a millstone blindness.

But all this is distinct from a certain typical unreasonableness which reigns in a nervous organisation pampered to its full bent. Such a one is unreasonable through all her being, and incapable of a clear dispassionate judgment. Any possibility, however remote, will make her throw over all the promptings of experience. A prey to vain regrets, fretting over the inevitable, seeing the whole past a mistake, yet with a childish confidence in change, and an unlimited power of vague expectation, she still refuses to reconcile herself to the inevitable. Things cannot go on, and must not go on, that are distasteful. To her life has no lessons; desires and wishes have no instincts towards their fulfilment. She worries where she loves. She craves for companionship, and longs for distinction, yet drives away her friends, and conspires against her own ambition. She needs affection and indulgence, yet expends her ingenuity in acts of teasing and provocation peculiarly her own. She sees no limit to her claims, and is blind to all reciprocal obligations. Temper, caprice, self-will, get the credit for all this; but there is a

power which adds intensity to it all, and, when indulged up to a point, imparts a scarcely responsible force to natural tendencies, a sting to temper, strength to will, panic to fear, poignancy to fretting, invention to jealousy, and nagging to ill-nature. Under this dominion she is blind to her own interests, and no more reflects on the impression she makes on others, than a person in terror of the flames considers the becomingness of the costume in which she escapes from them. We draw an exaggerated picture, perhaps, but in its degree not an unfamiliar one.

When we consider woman's delicate organisation, the sensitiveness of her mental touch, and the part assigned to her in the order of things of developing the importance that lies in little things—the latent tendencies that work in seeming trifles—we should perhaps wonder rather at the general repression of flutters and fears, and the promptings of quivering excitement, than at occasional exposures and excesses. Courage in a woman is of a far higher quality than in the generality of men, because with her it arises from an appeal to her noblest faculties. She does her duty in danger with an inner trembling. She is a heroine, realising all the peril. Even when she avows her fears, who would be hard upon her? There is an innocent confiding candour which we own to preferring to a boastful parade of bravery. The appeal of the comely matron of old days, "Recollect, coachman, we are all females,"

could not but stay his reckless down-hill course. The contempt of the sea-captain had surely a dash of tenderness towards the trembling voice which asked, "Oh, captain! is there any fear?" he replied, "Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger." Training and self-respect induce the woman of higher type to devour her fears, to suppress expression. She teaches herself courage by acts of resolution, which set the quaking heart beating double time. She represses panic, feeling that others are weaker than herself, and in sparing their nerves strengthens her own. And more than all is she strictly repressive of those promptings of high-strung irritable sensibility which give a name to temperament. Many a woman, who by her friends is considered specially superior to such weakness—an example of self-forgetting cheerfulness, and all the qualities which inspire confidence and reliance—knows it, through the inner conflict and resolute mastery by which alone she has overcome temptation. We have dwelt on the other side of the picture, where there has apparently been no conflict, for the double purpose of urging the difficulty of the task as a plea for greater tenderness of toleration than it is easy to give habits at once so irritating and so repelling; and also as it furnishes an argument for a more thorough training of the intellect and reasoning faculties, more systematic infusion of vigour and self-discipline, than has hitherto been accorded to women.

The first volume of Messrs. Moxon and Co.'s edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poetical Works is well printed, though in very small type. It contains all the poet's narrative pieces. Mr. Robert Buchanan is the editor, and with great condescension introduces this obscure writer to the English public. From his preface, which is short but trenchant, we learn that Mr. Longfellow's "faculty of story-telling is unique; his spiritual insight singularly calm and pure; his purpose admirable; his cadence rhythmical; and his whole art full of self-reverence and conscience." In spite of this he is, Mr. Buchanan intimates, not a poet in the highest sense, but, like Byron (to a great extent), Browning (in a higher degree), Goethe (still more nearly), and Crabbe and Scott altogether, a rhetorical versifier, or a writer who "employs verse for the sake of its elegant effects." "Only a few selective spirits," it is added, "sing always because they find all other utterance inadequate." Is Mr. Buchanan aware that "selective" cannot possibly mean selected? Further on we hear that Mr. Longfellow "is now

and then prolix, but not so prolix as Goethe in the sub-Faustian and non-lyrical pieces." We should like to bring Mr. Buchanan to chapter and verse about these "pieces." This editor seems to be unwilling to praise one man without depreciating another. He tells us that "Evangeline" is "infinitely finer than the 'Hermann and Dorothea.'" Finally, Mr. Buchanan sends forth the volume with a good word for its contents, and a bad one for a much-abused class of his fellow creatures. "In a word, they are all beautiful, all are full of clear ringing tones, and a pleasant music. The public is right to love them in defiance of small critics, who love nothing." In six short pages this amiable editor has contrived to disparage a good many persons, including his author, and to leave a most unpleasant impression of dogmatism and pretension on the mental palate prepared to enjoy the Attic fare spread by a gentleman and a scholar. Such a banquet should have another marshal than Mr. Buchanan.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE CHINESE MISSION TO CHRISTENDOM.

It was the dream of Columbus that the best way to the East was westwards. It was in search of India and China that the illustrious navigator set forth on his perilous voyage over the stormy ocean, which he supposed his adventurous keel was the first to traverse since the creation of the world. He thought he had discovered an Indian isle inhabited by Indians, when, after his long and sometimes despondent sail over the unknown deep, he touched at San Salvador, and was amply repaid for all the dangers and sufferings he had undergone, and for all the sickness of hope deferred that he had experienced for so many long years. It was in search of India that Cabot, Cartier, Hudson, and others set sail in after days to complete the discoveries of Columbus. Cartier thought the way to China lay through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and gave the name of La Chine to a little village on the rapids above Montreal. Hudson in like manner, when he first sailed along the northern shore of the island of Manhattan, where now stands the great city of New York, thought he was on the high-road to China. And though none of those brave mariners understood that a mighty continent interposed its barriers between their ships and the far Eastern climes which they vainly endeavoured to reach, yet their dream has been realised by a different mode in our day, and the true road to the East has been found to be westward, as they imagined. When the rails are laid in one unbroken line from New York to San Francisco, the shortest route from England to China will be that taken by Columbus. Like all men of genius, the discoverer of America was wiser than he knew, and from his great idea and his splendid performance sprang, in the fulness of the appointed time, such blessings to the human race as no other triumph of the human intellect — except the mariner's compass and the art of printing — ever before conferred, — blessings of which even now the world sees but the beginning, and the culmination of which no tongue can tell and no imagination conceive.

Having shortened most distances by steam navigation and the railroad, and having practically abolished all distances by the agencies of the electric telegraph, the men of our day have shorn of its ancient dimensions the huge globe which they inhabit. The world is no longer vague and vast as it used to be, but less extended in contemporary thought than Europe was in the days of our ancestors. If we measure the distance from London to San Francisco by the time occupied

in the transmission of a telegraphic message, the two extremes are about as close to each other as the two streets of a city. All the nations of the world have been brought into closer contiguity with each other, and America to the west, and China to the east, find themselves in the position of next-door neighbours. Russia that approached China by land, and Great Britain that approached her by sea, find a new competitor for Chinese trade in another great nation which is virtually nearer to China than either of them. China thus impinged upon on every side, and confronted with the ideas and the cupidity of Christian civilization, has been forced to open her sleepy eyes to the existence of the outer world, and to recognize the unwelcome fact that her ancient policy of isolation and non-intercourse is no longer possible.

This tendency of modern civilization to bring together all the nations of the earth has been long resisted by the civilization of Asia. But both China and Japan have begun to yield — first to force, sometimes rather unwarrantably employed against them, and secondly to considerations of commerce and self-interest. The war of 1858, and the negotiations that ensued, brought affairs to a climax, and extorted from the unwilling Emperor of China the right of the European Powers and of the United States to maintain their accredited ambassadors at Peking; so that in all future cases of misunderstanding the Power that was or fancied itself aggrieved might negotiate directly with the central authority, and be no longer forced to take redress into its own hands against local functionaries. It was in consequence of the more intimate relations since that time established between China and the Western Powers that China last year took the bold step of sending an embassy of her own to the Christian world, and the equally extraordinary step of placing a foreigner at the head of it. Only twice before had the Chinese Government, during a period extending for more than a thousand years anterior to the Christian era, made an attempt to communicate with the Powers that, in the pride and conceit of its superior wisdom, it contemptuously called "barbarians." The first attempt was made by the great Kubla Khan, who was Emperor of Cathay in the thirteenth century. In the years between 1270 and 1280 of our era, Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian merchant and traveller, made his way overland through the interior of Asia and the wilds of Tartary to China, undergoing hardships and surmounting difficulties and perils innumerable. On his arrival at Peking he

was hospitably entertained by Kubla Khan — the same Kubla of whom Coleridge sings in his 'Vision in a Dream;' he who built the stately pleasure-dome on the bank of the sacred river Alph, and

" Heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war."

Kubla was so pleased with the character and conversation of Marco Polo as to contract a warm feeling of friendship towards him; and when the time came at last when the Venetian felt the home-sickness too strongly upon him to permit a longer residence in China without danger to health or life, he was reluctantly permitted to depart, and charged with a double mission — the one to convoy a young lady of the Imperial family as far as the Persian Gulf, there to be consigned to the Shah of Persia, to whom she was betrothed in marriage; the other, to visit the principal Courts of Europe, and make known what he had seen, and how he had been received in China. Marco Polo left the Peiho river in the year 1280. The fleet which conveyed him and the princess consisted of fourteen vessels, each with four masts, the largest of them with crews of two hundred and fifty men, and all equipped and provisioned for two years. After escorting the young lady to her lord, Marco Polo proceeded to Venice, with the intention of accomplishing the other objects of his mission, which were rather social and complimentary than political. But the design was frustrated. The great Kubla died, without receiving news of the arrival of his envoy; and Marco Polo, from circumstances connected with the history and affairs of his native city, found himself unable to visit any of the Courts of Christendom. The second mission was three centuries later, when a native Chinese was despatched by the Emperor to the Court of Muscovy, with what objects are not very well known. That mission also proved to be fruitless. The envoy attempted to make his way northwards and eastwards, and is supposed to have perished, with all his suite, in the wilds of Kamchatka or Siberia. At all events, nothing further was ever heard of him. The third, the most important and most remarkable, is the mission of Mr. Burlingame, the history and objects of which we proceed to explain.

Three months ago, without pomp or parade, and in the quietest and most unostentatious manner, heralded only by announcements in the American press, which few Englishmen have the opportunity of perusing, the Chinese embassy arrived in England from the United States. The mission in-

cludes three ambassadors with their secretaries, attachés, interpreters, and suite; and not only represents the Chinese Emperor at the Court of Great Britain, but it is charged with the same mission to all the Courts and Governments of Christendom — France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia, and, by no means the least among them, to the Government of the United States. The chief of the mission, the Honourable Anson Burlingame, is an American; and his two associate ambassadors, Chih-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, are Chinese, and mandarins of high rank. They represent the oldest civilized Government in the world — a Government that was great and mighty, and ruled over a large and thickly peopled territory, long before the days when Israel was captive in Egypt, or Abraham and Lot divided the pasturages of Arabia between them. Seldom if ever has so great a mission been conceived. Seldom or never before were ambassadors intrusted with such high powers or confronted with such splendid opportunities. It has yet received but scant welcome from the pens of our ready writers, and in some political and commercial quarters has been looked upon with mistrust if not with hostility. But these feelings will probably wear away as the purposes of the Chinese Government become more fully known; and the British public, once interested in the subject, though they may not care to view it under its picturesque or sentimental aspect, will not lag behind the more enthusiastic Americans in their appreciation of its business importance.

Mr. Burlingame is a gentleman of Scottish descent, and proud of his ancestry, as most American Scotsmen are. Eleven years ago, when the present writer had the honour of making his acquaintance, he sat in the House of Representatives at Washington, as member for one of the Congressional districts of the city of Boston, in Massachusetts. He was an earnest and eloquent member of the anti-slavery party, at a time when it required considerable courage to avow such unpopular opinions, and for the too violent expression of which in the Senate, some time before, Mr. Charles Sumner had wellnigh forfeited his life. Mr. Burlingame was, next to Mr. Sumner, the most noted abolitionist in Congress; and second to few either in or out of the House for the ability and fearlessness with which he advocated a policy of negro emancipation, which he justly considered to be a question of even more vital importance to the poor white non-slaveholding people of the South than it was to the negroes. At that time the struggle was up-hill work, and

there seemed but little prospect that the Democratic party, which held other views on the subject, would be removed from the conduct of affairs, of which, for a long period, they had held a virtual monopoly under a succession of Presidents of their own choosing. But, as all the world knows, the Democrats, at the Presidential election of 1860, quarreled among themselves on the slavery question, split up into three sections, and allowed their opponents to snatch a victory which, had the Democrats united their forces under Mr. Douglas, Mr. Breckenridge, or Mr. Bell, would have been impossible of attainment. Under these circumstances, as was natural, the most eminent politicians of the triumphant party looked up to the new President for a share of the honours and emoluments of public life, from which they had been excluded during a long and all but hopeless controversy. Among the first to receive this recognition at the hands of his party was Mr. Burlingame, who, early in 1861, was offered by Mr. Lincoln, on the recommendation of Mr. Seward, the post of Ambassador from the United States to the Emperor of Austria. Mr. Burlingame accepted the mission, and duly arrived at Paris on his way to Vienna. Here he remained for some weeks in expectation of instructions from his Government.

Mr. Seward, in a long despatch to his new Minister—a despatch historical, antiquarian, logical, satirical, and legal—amused all America, and possibly Mr. Burlingame, by informing him that Austria was not a “unique” empire—meaning homogeneous. It was not, however, Mr. Burlingame's destiny to visit this “unique” empire, but to be deputed to another and more distant empire, that really deserved the epithet. Very unexpectedly, though not, as it will appear, very unnaturally, the Emperor of Austria conveyed an intimation to Mr. Burlingame, through Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, that he would not be received at Vienna. Mr. Burlingame, like the great majority of his countrymen, had sympathised with Kossuth, when the ex-Dictator made his triumphal tour through the United States, after the collapse of his efforts to establish the independence of Hungary; but unlike the rank and file, he had made many eloquent speeches on the subject, in which he had spoken of the aspirations of the Hungarians for independence, and of the policy of the Austrian Government, in a manner that was not pleasant either to the Emperor or his advisers. The Emperor stood upon his dignity, and requested the Government of

the United States to accredit to his court some gentleman in the place of Mr. Burlingame, whose political antecedents were less objectionably associated with an unsuccessful rebellion in the Austrian empire. As, under the circumstances, there was something due to the position of Mr. Burlingame as well as to the dignity of the Emperor of Austria, Mr. Burlingame was nominated by Mr. Lincoln to the more important, though possibly less comfortable, mission to Pekin. The appointment was confirmed by the senate. Mr. Burlingame shook the dust of Europe from his feet, and proceeded to China, where he remained in the performance of his duties during the whole of the great Civil War. This was perhaps a fortunate circumstance, for had he been present in the midst of such a strife, he must, like all other politicians of his influence and standing, have taken his side, and made enemies as all did, under whichever banner they ranged themselves in that bitter struggle—enemies that might have found future occasion to thwart his advancement or impair his usefulness. All these dangers he escaped by his absence. When he returned home the war was at an end, and he found himself in the very pleasant position, for an American, of being the favourite of rival parties.

It was not until Mr. Burlingame had been upwards of six years in China, a diligent student of the laws, customs, manners, history, and politics of the people, and had announced his intention of returning to the United States, that a remarkable offer was made to him on the part of the Chinese Government. Since the accession of the present Emperor, who is a child in his fourteenth year, the actual ruler of China has been Prince Kung, the Emperor's uncle. The Prince is recognised by every member of the European legations at Pekin to be one of the ablest statesmen of the time, and by no means resembles the imperial ostriches who have for ages hidden their heads in the palace of Pekin, and refused to make themselves acquainted with the great world of humanity that trades or fights beyond the boundaries of the Chinese empire. Prince Kung, fully aware of the fact that moral and physical forces are greater, and terrestrial distances less, than they were in the olden time, before the power of steam and electricity had virtually converted this huge globe into one great cosmopolitan city—of which China and India may be considered the eastern, the United States the western, and Europe the central divisions—soon became as fully aware of the corresponding fact, that the old system of isolation and ex-

clusion, which had for ages been the policy of the Chinese Government, could no longer be maintained; and that the time had come when, in the interest of China no less than in that of the world, the Chinese Empire should formally seek admission into the comity and brotherhood of the civilised nations of Europe and America. The idea seems so obvious to the European and American mind, that many who do not bestow sufficient thought upon the matter underrate the merit and genius of Prince Kung in conceiving and acting upon it. But the Prince, though not a revolutionist, is the greatest reformer that China has produced; and in resolving, as he has done, to break down the moral Chinese wall that separated his country from the rest of the world, has entitled himself not alone to the praise of wisdom, but of courage. There were many ways by which this great change in Chinese policy might have been made known to the powers of the earth — either by the promulgation of Chinese official documents, by notification to the diplomatic and consular agents of all States represented at Peking and the treaty ports, or by the despatch of a sufficient number of envoys or ambassadors to all the courts and governments of Christendom. Or the Prince might have selected from the many able men associated with himself in the administration of Chinese affairs, one person of the highest rank and attainments and diplomatic skill to travel from kingdom to kingdom — from state to state — both in the Old World and the New — to represent *visâ voce* the new position which the ancient Empire had assumed, and to explain the intimate relations into which it desired to enter with its neighbors. But there were no Chinese statesmen to be found who, in addition to other essential requisites for so high a post, possessed sufficient knowledge of the languages and the ideas of Christendom to be able to enter into negotiations with governments so many and so varied as those of Great Britain, the United States, France, and Russia, to say nothing of smaller, but still important powers. Under these circumstances, Prince Kung bethought himself that one of the Christian ambassadors who had resided long enough in China to become familiar with the character and traditions of the people and the wishes of the Government, might be induced to accept a mission from China to Christendom. The first person he thought of in this capacity was Mr. Burlingame, a statesman who, he rightly thought, would be agreeable to the people and Government of the United States, and not un-

welcome to those of Great Britain and France. The late Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister to China, who had cordially acted with Mr. Burlingame in all matters during their joint residence in Peking, was cognisant of the proposed arrangement, and is understood to have given it his hearty support. After due consideration Mr. Burlingame accepted the mission. Two mandarins of the second-class, Sun-Tajen and Chih-Tajen, an English and a French secretary, and a numerous suite of *attachés*, interpreters, and other officials, were associated with him; and early in the spring of last year he set sail for San Francisco, to commence the performance of his duties in the land of his nativity.

It was to have been expected among so impulsive, warm-hearted, and demonstrative a people as the Americans, that Mr. Burlingame and his colleagues would be received with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It is easy to stir up the American people to political demonstrations of a kind which in slower and less excitable England are wholly unknown; but here was an occasion entirely novel, highly important, and one that appealed strongly, not only to the imagination of the people, but to their national pride and their commercial interests. Had the plenipotentiary been in the humour for dinners — for in America, as among ourselves, the public dinner is a political instrument of no mean power and popularity — he might have traversed the Union from extremest west to extremest east and received at any city at which he chose to halt for the night such hearty demonstrations as the wealth of the inhabitants could bestow, and been greeted with such floods of rhetoric and rhetorical buncombe as no other people in the world can either so effectively discharge or so thoroughly appreciate. It is not often that the San Franciscans have such an opportunity as the arrival of Mr. Burlingame afforded them. The city has a resident population of 50,000 Chinamen, and of about four or five times that number of industrious and enterprising American immigrants from the Atlantic sea-board and the older States of the Union; so that the Embassy alike in its cosmopolitan, its American, or its Chinese character, could not expect to pass without an "ovation," — and an "ovation" there was on the 29th of April, when the spacious banquetting-hall of the Lick House, the largest and finest on the American continent, was filled with an enthusiastic crowd to do honour to the Minister Plenipotentiary, and give his Chinese colleagues the first glimpse into the forms,

the spirit; and the splendour of a civilization so much newer than, and so very different from, their own.

Mr. Haight, the governor of California, in proposing the toast of the evening, "our guest, the Honourable Anson Burlingame, the son of the youngest and the representative of the oldest government in the world," was both eloquent and sensible (the truest eloquence is always the most sensible), and described the objects of the mission in a manner peculiarly gratifying to the San Franciscans, who expect, and not without reason, that the trade of Europe to China will ere long flow westward, and that this city will be its half-way house. He affirmed the mission to be a great historical event. It marked the entrance of the oldest empire on the globe into the great family of nations, from which it had for thousands of years held scrupulously aloof.

"Mercantile enterprise and religious devotion," he continued, "had vainly striven to overthrow the barriers which a jealous spirit of seclusion had erected and maintained against contact with those who were regarded by the people of that empire as 'outside barbarians.' The antiquity of Chinese civilisation — the perfection to which many of the arts had attained among that people — the value of some of their agricultural products, especially that far-famed herb that 'cheers but not inebriates' — their lack of knowledge of the religion of the Bible — had all operated as powerful incentives to efforts, both selfish and unselfish, to open the door to freedom of trade and interchange of products and ideas. Opinions might differ upon the question of immigration and other subjects, but there was, and could be, no difference of opinion upon the desirableness of unrestrained commercial intercourse with China, and with all the nations of the earth. To Californians, the appointment by that Government of an American citizen to be its organ of communication with the Western Powers, was an event of peculiar interest. The discovery of gold in California, and the consequent rush of adventurous emigration across the plains and mountains, had brought the oldest and youngest of nations face to face on the opposite shores of the Pacific Ocean. The young, impulsive, progressive civilisation of America was thus brought into direct contact with the ancient, venerable, and peculiar civilization of Asia. Events, some of which," he added, "were perhaps not very creditable either to China or to Europe, had culminated in liberating the Chinese mind from the fetters in which it has been bound by centuries of exclusion from Caucasian progress. The first result of this liberation was the remarkable spectacle they beheld that evening, when a citizen of the young republic appeared before them as the bearer of offers of commerce and amity between

the Eastern and Western world. I will not attempt," he continued, "to picture the grand results which, I trust, will flow from this auspicious event, not merely to America and Europe, but to China and to mankind. I see in the near future a vast commerce springing up between the Chinese empire and the nations of the West; an interchange of products and manufactures mutually beneficial; the watchwords of progress and the precepts of a pure religion uttered to the ears of one-third of the human race, hitherto resisting with the inertia of a dead weight all progress, material, political, social or spiritual."

Then, addressing himself personally to Mr. Burlingame, he expressed a hope, which Englishmen as well as Americans may share, "that he had accepted his great trust in no selfish or narrow spirit, either of personal advantage or of seeking exclusive privileges for America over other nations; and finally, in the name of commerce, of civilisation, of progress, of humanity, and of religion — on behalf not merely of California or America, but of Europe and of mankind — he bade him and his associates welcome and God-speed."

Mr. Burlingame's reply — not only interesting as being his first public utterance upon the subject of his mission, but as being in substance and spirit the same as all his other speeches in Washington, New York, Boston, and elsewhere — merits the attention of the commercial classes of this country, as showing exactly what China wants in seeking admission into the commonwealth of nations, and what she does not want. That it may receive this attention as far as the circle of our influence extends, we reproduce its most important passages, omitting the merely local and personal allusions. Mr. Burlingame, while he was as reticent as a diplomatic functionary should be who had not yet been received by any of the governments to which he was accredited, spoke very plainly — as diplomacy is at last learning to do, finding that secrecy and mystery are not the best policy in our times, whatever they may have been in the days that are gone. He gave an interesting *résumé* of the present position of the Treaty Powers towards China, and of the position and desires of China towards them and the world.

"There is," said the ambassador, "nothing in the origin of the mission that I should not be glad to tell. There is nothing — not one purpose of it — that I should be ashamed to conceal. It came to me unsolicited; it was accepted in the broad interests of civilisation. You said truly, sir" (turning to Governor Haight), "when you said that the mission would not be used by me in any partial or limited sense. If I know my-

self, it shall be conducted only in the interests of all the world. This mission is not the result of any accident, or of any special design; it is the result, the legitimate consequence, of events which have recently occurred at Peking. It was not until recently that the Western Powers were brought into proper relations with the Chinese Government. Previously, affairs went on upon a system of misunderstandings, resulting in mutual misfortunes. It was not until the year 1860 that the representatives of the Treaty Powers met the great men who carry on the Chinese empire. Coming into personal relations with them, their representatives had occasion to modify their views as to the capacity of the members of the Chinese Government and as to the intentions of those men. And they were led straightway to consider how they should substitute for the old false system of force one of fair diplomatic action. They addressed themselves resolutely to the discussion of that question, and that discussion resulted in the adoption of what is called 'the co-operative policy,' which is briefly this: An argument on the part of the Treaty Powers to act together upon all material questions — to stand together in defence of their treaty rights; and the determination, at the same time, to give to these treaties a generous construction; a determination to maintain the foreign system of customs, and to support it by a pure administration and upon a cosmopolitan basis; an agreement to take no concessions of territory to the Treaty Powers, and never to menace the territorial integrity of China. These agreements are at the foundation of the co-operative policy. You will perceive that they leave China perfectly free to develop herself in precisely such form of civilisation as she may desire, at such time and in such manner as she pleases. It leaves her waters under her own control, and her territory safe from aggression or spoliation. Such, in brief, is the co-operative policy. I do not propose to speak of the protracted discussions which led to these results. I did not intend — and it would be improper to do so — to speak of the action of the living in this regard, but I would speak of the dead. There is one who is identified with that policy, and with the establishment of justice in China, whose name ought never to be forgotten or passed over in silence — the name of Sir Frederick Bruce, the late British Minister at Washington. That great man, recalling the traditions and practices of his own country, said that they jarred upon the moral sense of England, and that he was ready upon his own responsibility to reverse them. He was ready to lead against them: and he did lead against them, so fairly and so ably as, in the first place, to earn the respect of his colleagues; in the second place, to receive the support of his country; and, in the third place, to win the admiration of the diplomatic world. It is not time yet to speak of the results of that policy. I cannot foretell the future; I can only speak to some extent of the recent past. And as I do so I must aver that that policy has borne

rich fruits. Under its inspiring influences commerce has sprung into being; trade has increased from 82,000,000 to 300,000,000 dollars; steamboats have been multiplied; arsenals have been built; lighthouses are being erected; hundreds of foreigners have been taken into the civil service of China, under the leadership of some of the ablest men in the world. The flag which is above us (the imperial flag of China) has been adopted as the first national flag of China. Wheaton's International Law has been taken and is become a text-book for that great empire. The influence of Christian missions has been advanced from the Yellow Sea even to the great plains of Mongolia. A great college has been established at Peking, where modern science is to be taught, as well as the foreign languages — a great college which will be looked up to by the eleven thousand students of China who go up every three years to Peking to take their third and fourth degrees, and to look, as they term it, 'into the mirror of the mind,' to see what it has to reveal to them. And, finally, as a result, I think, directly of that fair and generous policy, it has sent this mission forth on its errand of goodwill. As I have said, I will not speak at length of its purposes — I must reserve myself for questions as they arise; but this I will say, that this mission means that China desires to come into warmer and more intimate relations with the West. It means that she desires to come under the obligations of international law, to the end that she may enjoy the advantages of that law. It means that China, conscious of her own integrity, wishes to have her question stated; that she is willing to submit her questions to the general judgment of mankind. It means that she intends to come into the brotherhood of nations. It means commerce; it means peace; it means a unification of the whole human race. Though this ephemeral mission may pass away, the great movement will go on. The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people has commenced to flow through the land of Washington to the older nations of the West, and it will flow for ever. Who is there that would check it? Who is there that would say to China, 'We wish to have no other relations with you than such as we establish in our own interests and enforce at the cannon's mouth?' I trust there are none such. I believe, rather, that this fraternal meeting is the true exponent of the sentiment of the masses of the people. I believe this occasion reflects more truly that enlarged spirit which is not alone devoted to trade, but also to civilisation and progress; that great and liberal spirit which would not be content with exchanging goods with China, but would also exchange thoughts with her; that would inquire carefully into the causes of that sobriety and that industry for which the Chinese are celebrated; that would learn something of the long experience of that people; that would question those institutions which have withstood the storms of time as to the secrets of their stability; that would ask

what means that free competition by which the son of the lowliest cooly may rise to the highest offices in the empire, and that makes scholarship the test of merit; that does not believe that genius is dead in the land of Confucius; that does not believe the powers of the mind shall no more be kindled and burn on the soil beneath which rest the bones of the inventors of porcelain, gunpowder, of the compass, of paper, and printing; that does not believe the Christian's hope should cease to bloom where the Christian martyrs fell. Ricci, Verbrast, Schaab, Morrison, Milne, Bridgeman, Cuthbertson, and a host of others lived and laboured and died praying and hoping that the day would arrive when that great nation would stretch forth its arms towards the shining banners of Christianity and Western civilisation. The hour has struck and the day is here."

It is only necessary to add to this authoritative exposition of the wishes of China for her future intercourse with the world, a few facts to show what has been the previous intercourse of the world with China. There have been faults on both sides, but the greater faults have been on the side of the Europeans, and notably of Great Britain. The Chinese have, doubtless, been in the wrong in treating the Europeans and Americans as "outside barbarians;" but have not the Europeans been quite as much in the wrong in depreciating the intelligence and civilisation of the Chinese? We were barbarians two thousand years ago, and they were not. And though we have run faster than they in the interval, they have not been asleep during all that time. The European error has been the more prolific of the two in producing ill feelings and war, inasmuch as the Chinese only desired to be let alone; and the Christian nations — often forgetful of their Christianity — very obstinately persisted in *not* letting them alone, — treating them in a spirit but little more kindly and conciliatory than that which they displayed to the red aborigines of America, to the blacks of Africa, to the Fijians, and the New Zealanders. Even if they did not fall into this extremity of error, they fell into another quite as hurtful to the pride of the Chinese, and treated this people — with its ancient traditions, its venerable history, its humane moral code, its intellectual religion — as if it were a child to be taken into pupilage, and to be indoctrinated, *per fas aut nefas*, into those Western ideas and habits which might suit the West, but which were unknown to, and might, if known, be wholly unsuitable to the East. The Chinese, no careless or uninterested observers, saw at the same time what had been the fate of India — swallowed up piecemeal by a foreign

company, that, advancing from small things to great, had ended by converting a splendid native empire into an appanage and dependency of an alien and distant Power. There still remain amongst us too many politicians — commercial and uncommercial — who would perpetuate the policy (or impolicy) of force towards China, who would compel it to govern itself by our ideas, and who would force it to buy our opium for the demoralisation of its people, even if the trading compulsion took the untradesmanlike form of fire and sword, the bombardment of their cities, and the slaughter of the inhabitants. There are others not so truculent who would, nevertheless, secure the monopoly of the Chinese trade — whether acquired by fair means or by foul — to the merchants of Great Britain; and who look upon Mr. Burlingame's mission with a considerable amount of jealousy. These persons, whether they be few or many, must reconcile themselves to what it has become the fashion to call "the logic of facts." The future intercourse between China and the Christian nations must be guided by the Christian doctrine of doing as they would be done by, which is the doctrine of Confucius as well as that of Jesus; and not upon the barbarian doctrine that, because a nation, great or small, does not see its way to profitable trade, or any trade, such nation must be taught political economy at the point of the bayonet or by the fiery eloquence of artillery.

In the new relations already established and to be still further extended with China, it must be a question of give and take on both sides, and a mutual relinquishment of old prejudices. If the Chinese have much to learn from us, we also have something to learn from them. Among other things we can learn from them how to educate the people. They are, *par excellence*, the literary nation of the world; and their literature, unlike our own, does not merely float lightly over the heads of the upper and middle classes of society, but percolates to the millions who toil for their daily bread, so that an uneducated Chinaman, even of the meanest and poorest estate, can scarcely be said to exist. If all their printed books were consumed by fire or otherwise destroyed to-morrow, a body of sound and wholesome literature, including the works of Confucius and Mencius, would still exist in the memory of more than twenty millions of men, and would be reprinted without the loss of an idea or even of a word. So long have they preceded us in the establishment of true principles in the administration of all the minor offices of government

and of the civil service, that it was but the other day that the British Government adopted a principle that has been in operation in China from time immemorial—the bestowal of public appointments as the result of a competitive examination. In this respect the Chinese are still in advance of us. In England a young man must be nominated by somebody before he can compete with others for a civil or military appointment. In China the young man can nominate himself as a candidate for the honours and emoluments of the State. He needs no aristocratic support, because in China there is no aristocracy but that of learning—marked with the seal of success in the indispensable examination. There is, it is true, an aristocracy of wealth—as there is and must be in all countries; but official aristocracy is the aristocracy of learning and literature. Thus the poorest man of merit and capacity has an infinitely better chance of rising to the highest rank than the rich man whose capacity is either small or non-existent. The first-mentioned has all the chances in his favour; the latter has none. Such a people are not to be taken under European or American patronage, or to be accounted as barbarians because their civilization is different from ours, and has not been of such rapid growth. “Slow and sure” has been the motto of China since the days of Confucius; and if China now appears to be going a little faster than it did, the Christian nations should not be disappointed if she does not move quite so fast as they would wish; and remember, in the case of China as in their own, that a liberal and progressive government cannot always carry a prejudiced people along with it. The neutrality of Chinese waters, the integrity of the Chinese territory, the sovereignty of Chinese law over all persons, native or foreign, inhabiting the territory—these are demands which the Chinese have as much right to insist upon as France, England, or America have as regards themselves, and within their own jurisdiction. These points conceded as from equal to equal, an extension of trade—perhaps total Free-trade—will follow in due time between China and all the world. But the go-a-head Americans and the enterprising English must not be in too great a hurry with their railroads and their electric telegraphs, or expect concessions from the Chinese Government—at least not yet awhile—for the establishment of either.

Two powerful but not insuperable impediments stand in the way. The Chinese venerate to a degree quite unknown to Euro-

peans the graveyards of their ancestors. The whole country, populous beyond comparison with any other, is populous with these cities and villages of the dead—of the dead who died thousands of years ago, as well as of the dead who died but yesterday. And if a railroad company in search of a straight line were but to threaten the least of these sacred enclosures, the whole population would be up in arms to prevent or to punish the sacrilege. Either the rails must be laid on the existing common roads or the religious feeling—it may be called the superstition—of the people must be modified or softened down, before the rail is possible in China. In like manner the electric wire, if laid, would not be safe among a people, especially in the interior, who are still very jealous of the “outer barbarians;” and its introduction must be postponed until that jealousy subsides, as it is to be hoped it will with the increase of trade and friendly intercourse. The Central Government, with Prince Kung at its head, very fully appreciates the advantage of these things; but the powerful local governments, who sometimes yield but a very shadowy or fragile allegiance to the Emperor, may not; and the people may, and do for the present, go along with the latter. This is evident from a memorial to the Chinese “Yamen,” or Foreign Office, from one of the most powerful Governors-General of the provinces, who rules over the two Kiang and a population of upwards of sixty millions. This high functionary, Tseng Kwo Fan, though he does not wholly oppose the enlightened policy of the Central Government, expresses some doubts of its wisdom, as well as much distrust of the foreigners who come to push a trade in China against the wishes of the natives. “Foreigners in the East and West,” he says, “have for several hundred years been making and unmaking kingdoms, each kingdom wishing to deprive its neighbor’s subjects of some advantage, with the hope that its own subjects might ultimately profit thereby. Their object in coming to China, setting up places of business everywhere, and trading largely in goods, is to follow their nefarious devices of depriving others of advantages, and to damage our merchants.” Tseng Kwo Fan, with a strong faith in his own religion, has no fear that any Christian missionaries, however numerous and eloquent they may be, will make converts among the Chinese. He hints that Roman Catholics and Protestants hate each other, while the religion of Confucius “has not suffered attrition through myriads of ages.” He objects, however, to railroads,

to the admission of foreign steamers to the inland waters, and to the admission of foreign traders to residence in the interior. This document may show some of the difficulties with which Prince Kung has to contend; and which all friends of the peaceful progress and intercommunion of the nations of the world must hope that he will surmount.

An unpleasant incident — which occurred but the other day at the port of Yang-chow, and while negotiations were in progress between Mr. Burlingame and Lord Stanley for putting the affairs of China and the Western Powers on a better footing — may serve as well as anything in the past history of our relations with the Celestial Empire to show how unexpectedly, and how unfortunately, the Government and people of Great Britain may find themselves at war with a great unwieldy power which it is possible to injure, but impossible to defeat — a power which is always peaceably inclined, and the infliction of any chastisement upon which is alike unsatisfactory and costly to the British people, or any other power that runs amuck at such a mass of inertia and incohesion.

The associated powers — Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States — secured — we might say extorted — in 1858, from the Chinese Government the right of residence and of trading for their subjects in certain ports, commonly known as “the treaty ports.” The foreign and Christian residents at these ports were placed under the protection of the several consulates of the nations of which they are citizens or subjects, just as the foreign servants and household of an ambassador in London or Paris are to a certain extent privileged, and placed under the jurisdiction, though they are in foreign territory, of the sovereigns whom their masters represent, and to whom they owe allegiance. Certain over-zealous missionaries and propagandists of the Christian faith — as by them understood and interpreted — believing erroneously that all China, and not merely “the treaty ports,” was opened up to missionary enterprise, took it upon themselves, no doubt with the very best of those intentions with which a certain unmentionable place is said to be paved, to lecture the Chinese population, in and about Yong-chow, on the error and superstition of their religious creed, and to revile and throw rhetorical dirt on the memory of Confucius. Very naturally the Chinese were angry, and the missionaries got into trouble. It is possible that wrong was done to these missionaries — “Plymouth

Brethren” they appear to call themselves — and just as possible that it was not; but as the case was doubtful, it ought to have been submitted to the decision of the Imperial Government at Peking. But instead of this, and in pursuance of an old and evil example, the captains of two British ships of war in Chinese waters were appealed to by the consul, not to demand redress from the Imperial Government, but to exact it from the local functionaries of Yong-chow at the cannon's mouth. This is not civilised but barbarian warfare, and places in the hands of a naval officer the power to involve his country in hostilities that may cost millions, to avenge injuries that, upon investigation, may turn out to be imaginary. If to do as we would be done by is alike a divine maxim and a Christian duty, as none will deny, the British people have only to imagine what their feelings would be if it were possible that the case of China and England could be reversed, and China should happen to be the more powerful and aggressive nation of the two. Let us suppose, for instance, that half-a-dozen mandarins of the ninth class, zealous propagandists of the doctrine of Confucius — unbelievers alike in Moses and Jesus Christ and the whole theology of the West — should land in the East India Docks or elsewhere on the Thames, and, proceeding to Whitechapel, Aldgate, Cornhill, Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and Charing Cross, should hold forth at each halting-place against Christianity, denounce its churches as temples of idolatry, its priests as emissaries of the devil, and proclaim their mission to be the introduction of a purer faith among the benighted English people. There would be a row of course, — or British human nature would be revolutionised. The holy men — holy, at all events, in their own estimation — if not submitted to the tender mercies of Judge Lynch, and hung up to the nearest lamp-post, would receive more cuffs and buffets than applauses, and might think themselves fortunate if they escaped with their lives. Fancy their appealing to the Chinese consul, and that functionary sending down to a Chinese fleet, anchored somewhere off the Nore, to steam up and bombard London, on his failure to obtain the support of the British law to protect the Chinese firebrands, and punish the insulted citizens of the metropolis, — and we have a counterfeit presentment very similar to some British proceedings in China. It is virtually what was done the other day at Yong-chow, and what has frequently been attempted upon questions of the surrepti-

tious introduction of either our theology or our opium into an empire that considered both of them to be equally undesirable.

It is clear from the treaty that Mr. Burlingame has already concluded on the part of China with the Government of the United States, as well as from the similar treaty which he has partially negotiated with Lord Stanley and Lord Clarendon, that the day for the bullying of China has passed; and that if any of the European Powers declares war against that empire, it must be after the same efforts at an honourable and satisfactory understanding have been made and failed, as would be employed in the event of a rupture between themselves. No doubt this would have been the practice of Christendom towards China if the Chinese Government had not shut itself up in proud isolation, and refused to listen to any other argument than that of force. The Chinese Government has at last discovered the un wisdom of this course, and by its own action, in the appointment of Mr. Burlingame to explain its wants and wishes to the Western nations, held out the hand of peace and good-fellowship, and expressed its willingness, as a highly-civilised nation should, to settle all questions by reason rather than by the sword. There is yet much to be done, although an auspicious beginning has been made, before the great Eastern nations of China and Japan will enter fully into the cosmopolitan brotherhood which appears to be the destiny of the modern world. The great thing was to make a beginning, and break down the barriers of exclusiveness and jealousy which separated these ancient

peoples from the younger nations of the world. If there ever were a case in which the well-worn maxim, "*c'est le premier pas qui coute*," applied with peculiar force, it was that of the attempt at fraternisation with China. Without expecting too much as the immediate results of Mr. Burlingame's mission, or sharing the lively faith of the Plymouth Brethren or other missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, that China is to be speedily or ever converted to the Christian faith; without believing it probable that the Chinese will look upon Christian churches in their land with more favour than Englishmen would look upon the erection of Buddhist temples in England; without even expecting that the men of this generation shall be able, if they wish, to traverse China from end to end as cheaply, comfortably, and expeditiously as they can travel for similar distances in Europe and America,—we may yet expect an increase of the world's happiness, as well as of the world's wealth, from the new relations which the East and the West are about to assume towards each other. It is alike the reward and the glory of well-doing that true wisdom is always more fruitful of good than the wise men know or can possibly calculate. The mission with which Prince Kung has intrusted Mr. Burlingame and his colleagues is a noble one; and ought not only to secure for the Chinese prince a high place in contemporary history, but for Mr. Burlingame and his two mandarins respectful recognition and a hearty welcome from all Europe.

It is a Parisian fashion to chronicle the toilettes of ladies and courtesans side by side. Two members of the aristocracy have written to the *Gaulois*, resenting the impertinence, and demanding that their wives' names for the future be left unmentioned. The threat of a fine, according to the law Guillaouet, enforces their just remonstrance.

relating to steel and iron, with the view of improving these metals as far as possible.

THE extraordinary and constantly-increasing demand for iron and steel for mechanical purposes, and the great importance that these should be of the best possible quality, have led to the establishment of a new scientific institution by the iron-masters and others in the North of England. It is proposed to call it, 'The Institution of Steel and Iron,' and the business of the members will be the discussion of all matters

SEVENTY-FIVE years have elapsed since Baddeley, the comedian, left funds for cake and wine to be partaken of on Twelfth Night by the Drury Lane company, "in the green room for ever." The anniversary was duly honoured this year, when Mr. Chatterton supplemented an additional cake and other good cheer. Mr. W. Bennet, the trustee of the fund, no longer gave "The memory of David Garrick," but the proper and original toast "The memory of Robert Baddeley." This actor was the last who used to go down to the theatre in his uniform of scarlet and gold, worn by the patented players as "Gentlemen of their Majesties' Household."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FROM AN ISLAND.

PART I.

I.

THE long room was full of people sitting quietly in the twilight. Only one lamp was burning at the far end. The verandah outside was dim with shadow; between each leafy arch there glimmered a line of sea and of down. It was a grey still evening, sad, with distant storms. St. Julian, the master of the house, was sitting under the verandah, smoking, with William, the eldest son. The mother and Mrs. William were on a sofa together, talking in a low voice over one thing and another. Hester was sitting at the piano with her hands in her lap, looking music, though she was not playing, with her white dress quivering in the gloom. Lord Ulleskelf, who had come over to see us, was talking to Emilia, the married daughter, and to Aileen, the youngest of the three; while I and my own little Mona and the little ones were playing at the other end of the room at a sort of twilight game of beating hands and singing sing-song nursery-rhymes,—haymaking the children called it.

"Are there any letters?" said St. Julian, looking in at them all from his verandah. "Has Emmy got hers?"

"I have sent Rogers into Tarmouth to meet the post," said the mother; and as she spoke the door opened, and the post came in.

Poor Emmy's face, which had lighted up eagerly, fell in an instant: she saw that there was no foreign letter for her.

It was a small mail, not worth sending for, Mrs. St. Julian evidently thought as she looked at her daughter with her kind, anxious eyes. "Here is something for you, Emmy," she said; "for you, Queenie" (to me). "My letter is from Mr. Hexham; he is coming to-morrow."

My letter was from the grocer:—

Mrs. CAMPBELL is respectfully informed by Mr. Tiggs that he has sent different samples of tea and coffee for her approbation, for the use of Mr. St. Julian's household and family: also a choice assortment of sperms. Mr. Tiggs regrets extremely that any delay should have

arisen in the delivery of the preserved cherries and apricots. He forwards the order this day, as per invoice. Mr. T. trusts that his unremitting exertions may meet with Mrs. C.'s approval and continued recommendation and patronage.

Albert Edward House, September 21.

This was not very interesting, except to the housekeeper: Mrs. St. Julian had set me to keep house for her down here in the country. The children, however, who generally insisted upon reading all my correspondence, were much excited by the paragraph in which Mr. Tiggs mentioned cherries and dried apricots. "Why did Mr. Tiggs forget them?" said little Susan, the granddaughter, solemnly. "Oh, I wish they would come," said Nelly. "Greedy, greedy!" sung George, the youngest boy. Meanwhile the elders were discussing their correspondence, and the mother had been reading out Mr. Hexham's note:—

LYNDHURST, September 21.

HAVE you room for me, my dear Mrs. St. Julian, and may I come to-morrow for a few days with my van? I find it a most delightful mode of conveyance, and I have been successful enough to take some most lovely photographic views in the New Forest. I now hope to explore your island, beginning with the "Lodges," if you are still in the same hospitable mind as you were when I last saw you.

With best remembrances to your Husband and the young Ladies,

Your devoted,

G. HEXHAM.

"I like Mr. Hexham. I am glad he is coming," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"This is an official-looking missive," said Lord Ulleskelf, holding out the large square envelope, with a great red seal, which had come for Emmy.

"What a handwriting!" cried Aileen. She was only fifteen, but she was taller already than her married sister, and stood reading over her shoulder. "What a letter! Oh, Emmy, what a —"

But Mrs. St. Julian, seeing Emmy flush up, interposed again:—

"Aileen, take these papers to your father. What is it, my dear?" to Emilia.

"It is from my sister-in-law," Emilia

said, blushing in the light of the lamp. "Mamma, what a trouble I am to you. . . . She says she is—may she come to stay! . . . And—and—you see she is dear Bevis's sister, and —"

"Of course, my dear," said her mother, almost reproachfully. "How can you ask?"

Emilia looked a little relieved, but wistful still. "Have you room? To-morrow?" she faltered.

Mrs. St. Julian gave her a kiss, and smiled and said, "Plenty of room, you goose." And then she read, —

To the Hon. Mrs. BEVIS BEVERLEY,
The Island,
Tarmouth,
Broadshire.

SCUDAMORE CASTLE, September 21.

MY DEAR EMILIA, —

BEVIS told me to be sure and pay you a visit in his absence, if I had an opportunity, and so I shall come, if convenient to you, with my maid and a man, on Saturday, across country from Scudamore Castle. I hear I must cross from Helmington. I cannot imagine how people can live on an island when there is the mainland for them to choose. Yours is not even an island on the map. Things have been very pleasant here till two days ago, when it began to pour with rain, and my stepmother arrived unexpectedly with Clem, and Clem lost her temper, and Pritchard spoilt my new dress, and several pleasant people went away, and I, too, determined to take myself off. I shall only stay a couple of days with you, so pray tell Mrs. St. Julian that I shall not, I hope, be much in her way. Do not let her make any changes for me; I shall be quite willing to live exactly as you are all in the habit of doing. Any room will do for my man. The maid need only have a little room next to mine. You won't mind, I know, if I go my own gait while I stay with you, for I am an odd creature, as I dare say you may have often heard from Bevis. I expect to feel dreadfully small with all you clever artistic people, but I shall be safe from my lady and Clem, who would never venture to come near you.

My father is all alone at home, and I want to get back to him if I can steal a march on my lady. She is so jealous that she will not let me be alone with him for one hour if she can help it, in her absence. Before she left Castlerookham she sent for that odious sister of hers to play piquet with him, and there was a general scene when I objected. My father took part against me, so I started off in a huff, but he has managed to shake off the old wretch, I hear, and so I do not mind going back. I must say it is very pleasant to have a few halfpence that one can call one's own, and to be able to come and go one's own way. I assure you that the said halfpence do not last for ever, however. Clem

took 50*l.* to pay her milliner's bill, and Bevis borrowed 100*l.* before he left, but I dare say he will pay me back.

So good-by, my dear Emilia, for the present.

Yours ever,
JANE BEVERLEY.

Mrs. St. Julian did not offer to show Lady Jane's letter to St. Julian, but folded it up with a faint little suppressed smile. "I think she must be a character, Emmy," she said. "I dare say she will be very happy with us. Queenie" (to me), "will you see what can be done to make Lady Jane comfortable?" and there was an end of the matter. Lord Ulleskelf went and sat out in the verandah with the others until the storm burst which had been gathering, through which he insisted on hurrying home, notwithstanding all they could say to detain him.

We had expected Lady Jane by the boat which brought our other guest the next day, but only Mr. Hexham's dark close-cropped head appeared out of the carriage which had been sent to meet them. The coachman declared there was no lady alone on board. Emilia wondered why her sister-in-law had failed: the others took Lady Jane's absence very calmly, and after some five o'clock tea St. Julian proposed a walk.

"Perhaps I had better stay," Mrs. Beverley said to her mother.

"No, my dear, your father will be disappointed. She cannot come now," said Mrs. St. Julian, decidedly; "and if she does, I am here to receive her. Mr. Hexham, you did not see her on board? A lady alone?"

No. Hexham had not seen any lone lady on board. There was a good-looking person who might have answered the description, but she had a gentleman with her. He lost sight of them at Tarmouth, as he was looking after his man, and his van, and his photographic apparatus. It was settled that Lady Jane could not possibly come till next day.

II.

Lady Jane Beverley had always declared that she hated three things — islands, clever people, and interference. She knew she was clever, but she did not encourage this disposition. It made people bores and radical in her own class of life, and forward if they were low. She was not pretty. No; she didn't care for beauty, though she confessed she should be very sorry if she was not able to afford to dress in the latest fashion. It was all very well for artists and such people to say the contrary, but she knew that a

plain woman well dressed would look better than the loveliest dowdy that ever tied her bonnet-strings crooked. It was true her brother Bevis had thought otherwise. He had married Emilia, who was not in his own rank of life; but Lady Jane supposed he had taught her to dress properly after her marriage. She had done her very best to dissuade him from that crazy step; once it was over she made the best of it, though none of them would listen to her; and indeed she had twice had to lend him sums of money when his father stopped his allowance. It is true he paid her back, otherwise she really did not know how she could have paid her bills that quarter. If she had not had her own independence she scarcely could have got on at all or borne with all Lady Mountmore's whims. However, thanks to old aunt Adelaide, she need not think of anybody but herself, and that was a very great comfort to her in her many vexations. As it was, Clem was for ever riding Bazook, and laming her ponies, and borrowing money. Beverley and Bevis, of course, being her own brothers, had a right to expect she would be ready to lend them a little now and then; but really Clem was only her step-sister, and considering the terms she and Lady Mountmore were on. . . . Lady Jane had a way of rambling on, though she was a young woman still, not more than six or seven and twenty. It was quite true that she had had to fight her own battles at home, or she would have been utterly fleeced and set aside. Beverley, her eldest brother, never quite forgave her for being the old aunt's heiress, and did not help her as he should have done. Bevis was always away on his missions or in disgrace. Old Lord Mountmore was feeble and almost childish. Lady Mountmore was not a pleasant person to deal with, and such heart as she possessed was naturally given to Lady Clem, her own child.

Lady Jane was fortunately not of a sensitive disposition. She took life calmly, and did not yearn for the affection that was not there to get, but she made the best of things, and when Bevis was sent to South America on a mission, she it was who brought about a sort of general reconciliation. She was very much pleased with herself on this occasion. Everybody looked to her, and consulted her. "You will go and see Emmy sometimes, won't you, Jane?" said poor Bevis, who was a kind and handsome young fellow. Lady Jane said, "Most likely," and congratulated herself on her own tact and success on this occasion, as well as on her general ways, looks, style, and position in life. She thought poor

Emmy was not certainly worth all this fuss, but determined to look after her. Lady Jane was rather Low Church, slightly suspicious but good-natured and not unamenable to reason. She cultivated an abrupt frankness and independence of manner. Her frankness was almost bewildering at times, as Lady Jane expected her dictums to be received in silence and humility by the unlucky victims of her penetration. But still, as I have said, being a true-hearted woman, if she was once convinced that she was in the wrong, she would always own to it. Marriage was rather a sore subject with this lady. She had once notified to a young evangelical rector that although his prospects were not brilliant, yet she was not indisposed to share them, if he liked to come forward. To her utter amazement, the young man got up in a confused manner, walked across the room, talked to Lady Clem for the rest of his visit, and never called again. Lady Jane was much surprised; but, as her heart was not deeply concerned in the matter, she forgave him on deliberation. The one softness in this strange woman's nature lay in her love for children. Little Bevis, her brother's baby, would coo at her, and beat her high cheek-bones with his soft little fat hand; she let him pull her hair, the curls, and frills, and plaits of an hour's erection, poke his fingers into her eyes, swing her watch violently round and round. She was still too young to have crystallized into a regular old maid. She had never known any love in her life except from Bevis, but Bevis had been a little afraid of her. Beverley was utterly indifferent to anybody but himself.

Lady Jane had fifteen hundred a year of her own. She was not at all bad-looking. Her thick reddish hair was of the fashionable colour. She was a better woman than some people gave her credit for being, seeing this tall over-dressed and overbearing young person going about the world with her two startled attendants and her hunters. Lady Jane had not the smallest sense of humour or feeling for art: at least, this latter faculty had never been cultivated, though she had furnished her boudoir with bran new damask and sprawling gilt legs, and dressed herself in the same style; and had had her picture taken by some travelling artist—a pastille all frame and rose-coloured chalk—which hung up over her chimney, smirking at a rose, to the amusement of some of her visitors. Lady Jane's notion of artists and art were mainly formed upon this trophy, and by what she had seen of the artist who had produced it. Lady Clem used to say that Jane was a born old

maid, and would never marry; but everybody was not of that opinion. Lady Jane had been made a great deal of at Scudamore Castle, especially by a certain Captain Sigourney, who had been staying there, a nephew of Lady Scudamore's—tall, dark, interesting, in want of money, notwithstanding his many accomplishments. Poor Tom Sigourney had been for many years a hanger-on at Scudamore. They were extremely tired of him, knew his words, looks, tones by heart. Handsome as he undoubtedly was, there was something indescribably wearisome about him after the first introduction—a certain gentle drawl and prose that irritated some people. But Lady Jane was immensely taken by him. His deference pleased her. She was not insensible to the respectful flattery with which he listened to every word she spoke. Tom Sigourney said she was a fine spirited girl, and Lady Scudamore seized the happy occasion—urged Tom forward, made much of Lady Jane. "Poor girl! she needs a protector," said Lady Scudamore gravely to her daughters. At which the young ladies burst out laughing. "Can you fancy Tom Sigourney taking care of anybody?" they cried.

Lady Mountmore arrived unexpectedly, and the whole little fabric was destroyed. Sigourney, who had not much impudence, was simply driven off the field by the elder lady's impertinences. Lady Jane was indignant, and declared she should not stay any longer under the same roof as her mother-in-law. Lady Scudamore did not press her to remain. She had not time to attend to her any longer or to family dissensions; but she did write a few words to Tom, telling him of Lady Jane's movements, and then made it up with Lady Mountmore all the more cordially that she felt she had not been quite loyal to her in sending off this little missive.

The little steamer starts for Tarmouth in a little crowd and excitement of rolling barrels and oxen driven and plunging sheep in barges. The people come and look over the side of the wooden pier and talk to the captain at his wheel. Afternoon rays stream slant, and the island glistens across the straits, and the rocks stand out in the water; limpid waters beat against the rocks, and toss the buoys and splash against the busy little tug; one or two coal-barges make way. Idlers and a child or two in the way of the half-dozen passengers are called upon by name to stand aside on this occasion. There are two country dames returning from market; friend Hexham in an excitement about his

van, which is to follow in a barge; and there is a languid dark handsome gentleman talking to a grandly dressed lady whose attendants have been piling up wraps and *Times* and dressing-cases and umbrellas.

"Let me hold this for you, it will tire you," said the gentleman, tenderly taking *The Times* out of her hand; "are you resting? I thought I would try and meet you, and see if I could save you from fatigue. My aunt Scudamore told me you were coming this way. There, that is where my people live: that white house among the trees."

"It is a nice place," said Lady Jane.

The rocks were coming nearer, and the island was brightening to life and colour, and the quaint old bricks and terraces of Tarmouth were beginning to show. There was, a great ship in the distance sliding out to sea, and a couple of gulls flew overhead.

"Before I retired from the service," said Sigourney, "I was quartered at Portsmouth. I know this coast well; that is Tarmouth opposite, and that is—ah, 'm—a pretty place, and an uncommon pretty girl at the hotel."

"How am I to get to these people if they have not sent to meet me, I wonder?" interrupted Lady Jane, rather absently.

"Leave that to me," said Captain Sigourney. "I am perfectly at home here, and I will order a fly. They all know me, and if they are not engaged will always come for me. You go to the inn. I order you a cup of tea, and one for your maid. I see a fast horse put up into a trap, and start you straight off."

"Oh, Captain Sigourney, I am very much obliged," said Lady Jane; and so the artless conversation went on.

At Tarmouth the ingenious captain would not let her ask whose was a carriage she saw standing there, nor take one of the two usual flies in waiting, but he made her turn into the inn until a special fast horse, with whose paces he was well acquainted, could be harnessed. This took a long time; but Lady Jane, excited by the novelty of the adventure, calmly enjoyed her afternoon tea and devotion, and sat on the horse-hair sofa of the little inn, admiring the stuffed carp and cuttle-fish on the walls, and listening with a charmed ear to Tom's reminiscences of the time when he was quartered at Portsmouth.

The fast horse did not go much quicker than his predecessors, and Lady Jane arrived at the Lodges about an hour after Hexham, and at the same time as his great photographic van.

III.

They were all strolling along the cliffs towards the beacon. It stood upon the summit of High Down, a long way off as yet, though it seemed close at hand, so clearly did it stand out in the still atmosphere of the sunset. It stood there stiff and black upon its knoll, an old weather-beaten stick with a creaking coop for a crown, the pivot round which most of this little story turns. For when these holiday people travelled away out of its reach, they also passed out of my ken. We could see the beacon from most of our windows, through all the autumnal clematis and ivy sprays falling and drifting about. The children loved the beacon, and their little lives were one perpetual struggle to reach it, in despite of winds, of time of meals, of tutors and lessons. The elders, too, loved it after their fashion. Had they not come and established themselves under the shadow of High Down, where it had stood as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember! Lord Ulleskelf, in his yacht out at sea, was always glad to see the familiar old stubby finger rising up out of the mist. My cousin, St. Julian the R. A., had made a strange rough sketch of it, and of his wife and her eldest daughter sitting beneath it; and a sea, and a cloud horizon, grey, green, mysterious beyond. He had painted a drapery over their heads, and young Emilia's arms round the stem. It was an awful little picture Emilia the mother thought when she saw it, and she begged her husband to turn its face to the wall in his studio.

"Don't you see how limpid the water is, and how the mist is transparent and drifting before the wind?" St. Julian said. "Why do you object, you perverse woman?"

The wife didn't answer, but her soft cheeks flushed. Emilia the daughter spoke, a little frightened.

"They are like mourners, papa," she whispered.

St. Julian shrugged his shoulders at them. "And this is a painter's wife!" he cried; "and a painter's daughter!" But he put the picture away, for he was too tender to pain them, and it lay now forgotten in a closet. This was two years ago, before Emilia was married, or had come home with her little son during her husband's absence. She was carrying the child in her arms as she toiled up the hill in company with the others, a tender bright flush in her face. Her little Bevis thinks it is he who is

carrying "Mozzer," as he clutches her tight round the neck with his two little arms.

I suppose nobody ever reached the top of a high cliff without some momentary feeling of elation, — so much left behind, so much achieved. There you stand at peace, glowing with exertion, raised far above the din of the world. They were gazing as they came along (for it is only of an island that I am writing) at the great sight of shining waters, of smiling fertile fields and country; and of distant waters again, that separated them from the pale glimmering coast of the mainland. The straits, which lie between the island and Broadshire, are not deserted like the horizon on the other side (it lies calm, and tossing, and self-sufficing, for the coast is a dangerous one, and little frequented); but are crowded and alive with boats and white sails: ships go sliding past, yachts drift, and great brigs slowly travel in tow of the tiny steamer that crosses and recrosses the water with letters and provisions, and comers and goers and guests to Ulles Hall and to the Lodge, where St. Julian and his family live all through the summer-time; and where some of us indeed remain the whole year round.

The little procession comes winding up the down, Lord Ulleskelf and the painter walking first, in broad-brimmed hats and coats fashioned in the island, of a somewhat looser and more comfortable cut than London coats. The tutor is with them. Mr. Hexham, too, is with them; as I can see, a little puzzled and interested by the ways of us islanders.

As St. Julian talks his eyes flash, and he puts out one hand to emphasize what he is saying. He is not calm and self-contained as one might imagine so great a painter, but a man of strong convictions, alive to every life about him and to every event. His cordial heart and bright artistic nature are quickly touched and moved. He believes in his own genius, grasps at life as it passes, and translates it into a strange quaint revelation of his own, and brings others into his way of seeing things almost by magic. But his charm is almost irresistible, and he knows it, and likes to know it. The time that he is best himself is when he is at his painting; his brown eyes are alight in his pale face, his thick grey hair stands on end; he is a middle-aged man, broad, firmly-knit, with a curly grey beard, active, mighty in his kingdom. He lets people in to his sacred temple; but he makes them put their shoes off, so to speak, and will allow no word of criticism except from one or two. In a moment his thick

brows knit, and the master turns upon the unlucky victim.

The old tutor had a special and unlucky knack of exciting St. Julian's ire. He teaches the boys as he taught St. Julian in bygone days, but he cannot forget that he is not always St. Julian's tutor, and constantly stings and irritates him with his caustic disappointed old wits. But St. Julian bears it all with admirable impatience for the sake of old days and of age and misfortune.

As they all climb the hill together on this special day, the fathers go walking first, then comes a pretty rout of maidens and children, and Hexham's tall dark head among them. Little Mona goes wandering by the edge of the cliff, with her long gleaming locks hanging in ripples not unlike those of the sea. The two elder girls had come out with some bright-coloured scarfs tied round their necks; but finding them oppressive, they had pulled them off, and given them to the boys to carry. These scarfs were now banners streaming in the air as the boys attacked a tumulus, where the peaceful bones of the bygone Danish invaders were lying buried. The gay young voices echo across the heather calling to each other.

Hester comes last with Mrs. William—Hester with the mysterious sweet eyes and crown of soft hair. It is not very thick, but like a dark yet gleaming cloud about her pretty head. She is quite pale, but her lips are bright carnation red, and when she smiles she blushes. Hester is tall, as are all the sisters, Emilia Beverley, and Aileen, who is only fifteen, but the tallest of the three. Aileen is walking a little ahead with Mrs. William's children, and driving them away from the edge of the cliff, towards which these little moths seem perpetually buzzing.

The sun begins to set in a strange wild glory, and the light to flow along the heights; all these people look to one another like beatified men and women. Ulleskelf and St. Julian cease their discussion at last, and stand looking seawards.

"Look at that band of fire on the sea," said Lord Ulleskelf.

"What an evening vesper," said St. Julian. "Hester, are you there?"

Hester was there, with sweet, wondering sunset eyes. Her father put his hand fondly on her shoulder. There was a sympathy between the two which was very touching; they liked to admire together, to praise together. In sorrow or trouble St. Julian looked for his wife, in happiness he instinctively

seemed to turn to his favourite daughter.

Hester's charm did not always strike people at first sight. She was like some of those sweet simple tunes which haunt you after you have heard them, or like some of those flowers of which the faint delicate scent only comes to you when you have waited for an instant.

Hexham, for instance, until now had admired Mrs. Beverley infinitely more than he did her sister. He thought Miss St. Julian handsome certainly, but charmless; whereas the sweet, gentle young mother, whose wistful eyes seemed looking beyond the sunset, and trying in vain to reach the distant world where her husband would presently see it rise, appealed to every manly feeling in his nature. But as the father and daughter turned to each other, something in the girl's face—a dim reflex light from the pure bright soul within—seemed to touch him, to disclose a something, I cannot tell you what. It seemed to Hexham as if the scales had fallen suddenly from his eyes, and as if in that instant Hester was revealed to him. She moved on a little way with two of the children who had joined her. The young man followed her with his eyes, and almost started when some one spoke to him.

As St. Julian walked on, he began mechanically to turn over possible effects and combinations in his mind. The great colourist understood better than any other, how to lay his colours, luminous, harmonious, shining with the real light of nature, for they were in conformity to her laws; and suddenly he spoke, turning to Hexham, who was a photographer, as I have said, and who indeed was now travelling in a gipsy fashion, in search of subjects for his camera.

"In many things," he said, "my art can equal yours, but how helpless we both are when we look at such scenes as these. It makes me sometimes mad to think that I am only a man with oil-pots attempting to reproduce such wonders."

"Fortunately they will reproduce themselves whether you succeed or not," said the tutor. St. Julian looked at him with his bright eyes. The old man had spoken quite simply. He did not mean to be rude, — and the painter was silent.

"My art is 'a game half of skill, half of chance,'" said Hexham. "When both these divinities favour me I shall begin to think myself repaid for the time and the money and the chemicals I have wasted."

"Have you ever tried to photograph figures in a full blaze of light?" Lord Ulles-

kelf asked, looking at Mona and his own little girl standing with Hester, and shading their eyes from a bright stream that was playing like a halo about their heads.

There was something unconscious and lovely in the little group, with their white draperies and flowing locks. A bunch of illumined berries and trailing creepers hung from little Lady Millicent's hair: the light of youth and of life, the sweet wondering eyes, all went to make a more beautiful picture than graces or models could ever attain to. St. Julian looked and smiled with Lord Ulleskelf.

Hexham answered, a little distractedly, that he should like to show Lord Ulleskelf the attempt he had once made. "Nature is a very uncertain sort of assistant," he added; "and I, too, might exclaim, 'Oh, that I am but a man, with a bit of yellow paper across my window, and a row of bottles on a shelf, trying to evoke life from the film upon my glasses!'"

"I think you are all of you talking very profanely," said Lord Ulleskelf, "before all these children, and in such a sight as this. But I shall be very glad to come down and look at your photographs, Mr. Hexham, to-morrow morning," he added, fearing the young man might be hurt by his tone.

The firebrand in the still rippled, sea turned from flame to silver as the light changed and ebbed. The light on the sea seemed dimmer, but then the land caught fire in turn, and trees and down and distant roof-tops blazed in this great illumination, and the shadows fell back upon the turf.

Here Mrs. William began saying in a plaintive tone of voice that she was tired, and I offered to go back with her. Everybody indeed was on the move, but we two took a shorter cut, while the others went home with the Ulleskelfs, turning down by a turn of the down towards the lane that leads to Ulles Hall.

And so, having climbed up with some toil and effort to that beautiful height, we all began to descend once more into the everyday of life, and turn from glowing seas and calm sailing clouds to the thought of outlets and chickens. The girls had taken back their scarfs and were running down hill. Aileen was carrying one of Margaret's children, Emilia Beverley had her little Bevis in her arms, Hester was holding by her father's arm as they came back rather silent, but satisfied and happy. The sounds from the village below began to reach us, and the lights in the cottages and houses to twinkle; the cliffs rose higher and higher as we descended our different ways. The old

beacon stood black against the ruddy sky: a moon began to hang in the high faint heaven, and a bright star to pierce through the daylight.

Ulles Hall stands on the way from Tarmouth to the Lodges: it is a lovely old house standing among woods in a hollow, and blown by sea-breezes that come through pine-stems and sweet green glades, starred with primroses in spring, and sprinkled with russet leaves in autumn. The Lodges where St. Julian lives are built a mile nearer to the sea. Houses built on the roadside, but inclosed by tall banks and hedges, and with long green gardens running to the down. They have been built piece by piece. It would be difficult to describe them: a gable here, a wooden gallery thatched, a window twinkling in a bed of ivy, hanging creepers, clematis and loveliest Virginian sprays reddening and drinking in the western light and reflecting it undimmed in their beautiful scarlet veins — scarlet gold melting into green: one of the rooms streams with light through stained windows of a church.*

IV.

As I reached the door with Mrs. William, I saw a bustle of some sort, a fly, some boxes, a man, a maid, a tall lady of about seven or eight and twenty, dressed in the very height of fashion, with a very tall hat and feather, whom I guessed at once to be Lady Jane. Mrs. William, who has not the good manners of the rest of the family, shrunk back a little, saying, — "I really cannot face her: it's that Lady Jane;" but at that moment Lady Jane, who was talking in a loud querulous tone, suddenly ceased, and turned round.

"Here is Mrs. St. Julian," said the flyman, and my dear mistress came out into the garden to receive her guest.

"I am so glad you have come," I heard her say quietly; "we had given you up, — are you tired? Come in. Let the servant see to your luggage." She put out her white gentle hand, and I was amused to see Lady Jane's undisguised look of surprise: she had expected to meet with some bust-

* A little child passing by in the road looked up one day at the Lodges, and said, "Oh, what pretty leaf houses! Oh, mother, do let us live there. I think the robins must have made them." "I think that is where we are going to, Mona," said the mother. She was a poor young widowed cousin of St. Julian's. She came for a time, but they took her in and never let her go again out of the leaf house. She stayed and became a sort of friend, chaperone, governess, and housekeeper; and to these kind and tender friends and relations, if she were to attempt to set down here all that she owes to them, to their warm, cordial hearts, and bright, sweet natures, it would make a story apart from the one she has in her mind to write to-day.

ling, good-humoured housekeeper. Bevis had always praised his mother-in-law to her, but Lady Jane had a way of not always listening to what people said, as she rambled on in her own fashion; and now, having fully made up her mind as to the sort of person Mrs. St. Julian would be, Lady Jane felt slightly aggrieved at her utter dissimilarity to her preconceptions. She followed her into the house, with her high hat stuck upon the top of her tall head, walking in a slightly defiant manner.

"I thought Emilia would have been here to receive me," said Lady Jane, not over pleased.

"I sent her out," the mother said. "I thought you would let me be your hostess for an hour. Will you come up into my room?"

Mrs. St. Julian led the way into the drawing-room, where Lady Jane sank down into a chair, crossing her top-boots and shaking out her skirts.

"I am afraid there was a mistake about meeting you," said the hostess; "the carriage went, but only brought back Mr. Hexham and a message that you were not there."

"I fortunately met a friend on board," said Lady Jane, hurriedly. "He got me a fly; thank you, it did not signify."

Lady Jane was not anxious to enter into particulars, and when Mrs. St. Julian went on to ask how it was she had had to wait so long, the young lady abruptly said something about afternoon tea, asked to see her room and to speak to her maid.

"Will you come back to me when you have given your orders?" said Mrs. St. Julian. "My cousin, Mrs. Campbell, will show you the way."

Lady Jane, with a haughty nod to poor Mrs. Campbell, followed with her high head up the quaint wooden stairs along the gallery, with its odd windows and slits, and china, and ornaments.

"This is your room; I hope you will find it comfortable," said the housekeeper, opening a door, through which came a flood of light.

"Is that for my maid?" asked Lady Jane, pointing to a large and very comfortably furnished room just opposite to her own door.

"That room is Mr. Hexham's," said Queenie; "your maid's room leads out of your dressing-room." The arrangement seemed obvious, but Lady Jane was not quite in a temper to be pleased.

"Is it comfortable, Pritchard? Shall you be able to work there? I must speak about it if you are not comfortable."

Pritchard was a person who did not like to commit herself. Not that she wished to complain, but she would prefer her ladyship to judge; it was not for her to say. She looked so mysteriously that Lady Jane ran up the little winding stair that led to the turret, and found a little white curtained chamber, with a pleasant, bright look-out over land and sea.

"Why, this is a delightful room, Pritchard," said Lady Jane. "I should like it myself; it is most comfortable."

"Yes, my lady, I thought it was highly comfortable," said Pritchard; "but it was not for me to venture to say so."

Lady Jane was a little afraid of Mrs. St. Julian's questionings. To tell the truth, she felt that she had been somewhat imprudent; and though she was a person of mature age and independence, yet she was not willing to resign entirely all pretensions to youthful dependence, and she was determined if possible not to mention Sigourney's name to her entertainers. Having frizzed up her curling red locks, with Mrs. Pritchard's assistance, shaken out her short skirts, added a few more bracelets, tied on a coroneted locket and girded in her tight silver waistband, she prepared to return to her hostess and her tea. She felt excessively ill-used by Emilia's absence, but, as I have said, dared not complain for fear of more questions as to the cause of her delay.

All along the passage were more odds and ends, paintings, pictures, sketches framed, a cabinet or two full of china. Lady Jane was too much used to the ways of the world to mistake the real merit of this heterogeneous collection; but she supposed that the artists made the things up, or perhaps sold them again to advantage, and that there was some meaning which would be presently explained for it all. What most impressed Lady Jane with a feeling of respect for the inhabitants of the house was a huge Scotch sheep-dog, who came slowly down the gallery to meet her, and then passed on with a snuff and a wag of his tail.

The door of the mistress's room, as it was called, was open; and as Lady Jane followed her conductress in, she found a second five-o'clock tea and a table spread with rolls and country butter and home-made cake. A stream of western light was flowing through the room and out into the gallery beyond, where the old majolica plates flashed in the glitter of its sparkle. The mistress herself was standing with her back turned, looking out through the window across the sea; and trying to compose

herself before she asked a question she had very near at heart.

Lady Jane remained waiting, feeling for once a little shy, and not knowing exactly what to do next, for Mrs. Campbell, who was not without a certain amount of feminine malice, stood meekly until Lady Jane should take the lead. The young lady was not accustomed to deal with inferiors who did not exactly behave as such, and though inwardly indignant, she did not quite know how to resent the indifference with which she considered she was treated. She tossed her head, and at last said, not in the most conciliatory voice, "I suppose I may take some tea, Mrs. St. Julian?" The sight of the sweet pale face turning round at her question softened her tone. Mrs. St. Julian came slowly forward, and began to push a chair with her white feeble hands, evidently so unfit for such work that Jane, who was kind-hearted, sprang forward, lockets, top-boots, and all, to prevent her. "You had much better sit down yourself," said she, good-naturedly. "I thought you looked ill just now, though I had never seen you in my life before. Let me pour out the tea."

Mrs. St. Julian softened, too, in the other's unexpected heartiness and kindness. "I had something to say to you. I think it upset me a little. I heard—I feared"—she said, nervously hesitating. "Lady Jane, did you hear from your brother—from Bevis—by the last mail? . . . Emmy does not know the mail is in. . . . I have been a little anxious for her," and Mrs. St. Julian changed colour.

"Certainly I heard," said Lady Jane; "or at least my father did. Bevis wanted some money raised. Why were you so anxious, Mrs. St. Julian?" asked Lady Jane, with a slightly amused look in her face. It was really too absurd to have these people making scenes and alarms when she was perfectly at her ease.

"I am thankful you have heard," said Mrs. St. Julian, with a sudden flush and brightness in her wan face, which made Lady Jane open her eyes in wonder.

"Do you care so much?" said she, a little puzzled. "I am glad that I do not belong to an anxious family. I am very like Bevis, they say; and I know there is nothing that he dislikes so much as a fuss about nothing."

"I know it," said Mrs. St. Julian. "He is very good and kind to bear with my foolish alarms, and I wonder,—could you—would you too,—forgive me for my foolishness, Lady Jane, if I were to ask you a great favour? Do you think I might

see that letter to your father? I cannot tell you what a relief it would be to me. I told you that Emilia does not know that the mail is in; and if,—if she might learn it by seeing in his own handwriting that Bevis was well, I think it would make all the difference to her, poor child."

There was something in the elder lady's gentle persistence which struck the young one as odd, and yet touching; and although she was much inclined to refuse, from a usual habit of contradiction, she did not know how to do so when it came to the point.

"I'll write to my father," said Lady Jane, with a little laugh. "I have no doubt he will let you see the letter since you wish it so much."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. St. Julian, "and for the good news you have given me; and I will now confess to you," she added, smiling, "that I sent Emmy out on purpose that I might have this little talk. Are you rested? Will you come into the garden with me for a little?"

Lady Jane was touched by the sweet maternal manner of the elder woman, and followed quite meekly and kindly. As the two ladies were pacing the garden-walk they were joined by the housekeeper and by Mrs. William, with her little dribble of small talk.

Many of the windows of the Lodges were alight. The light from without still painted the creepers, the lights from within were coming and going, and the gleams were falling upon the ivy-leaves here and there. One-half of the place was in shadow, and the western side in daylight still. There was a sweet rush of scent from the sweet-briars and clematis. It seemed to hang in the still evening air. Underneath the hedges, bright-coloured flowers seemed suddenly starting out of the twilight, while above, in the lingering daylight, the red berries sparkled and caught the stray limpid rays. There was a sound of sea-waves washing the not distant beach; a fisherman or two, and soldiers from the little fort, were strolling along the road, and peering in as they passed the bright little homes. The doors were wide open, and now and then a figure passed—a servant, Mrs. Campbell—who was always coming and going; William, the eldest son, coming out of the house; he had been at work all day.

The walking-party came up so silently that they were there in the garden almost before the others had heard them: a beloved crowd, exclaiming, dispersing again. It was a pretty sight to see the meetings:

little Susan running straight to her father, William St. Julian. He adored his little round-eyed daughter, and immediately carried her off in his arms. Little Mona, too, had got hold of her mother's hand, while Lady Jane was admiring Bevis, and being greeted by the rest of the party, and introduced to those whom she did not already know.

"We had quite given you up, dear Jane," said little Emilia, wistfully gazing and trying to see some look of big Bevis in his sister's face. "How I wish I had stayed, but you had mamma."

"We gave you up," said Hester, "when Mr. Hexham came without you . . ."

"I now find I had the honour of travelling with Lady Jane," said Hexham, looking amused, and making a little bow.

Lady Jane turned her back upon Mr. Hexham. She had taken a great dislike to him on board the boat; she had noticed him looking at her once or twice, and at Captain Sigourney. She found it a very good plan and always turned her back upon people she did not like. It checked any familiarity. It was much better to do so at once, and let them see what their proper place was. If people of a certain position in the world did not keep others in their proper places, there was no knowing what familiarity might not ensue. And then she ran back to little Bevis again, and lifted him up, struggling. For the child had forgotten her, and seemed not much attracted by her appearance.

"Lady Jane Beverley has something military about her," said Hexham to Mrs. Campbell.

As he spoke a great loud bell began to ring, and with a little chorus of exclamations, the ladies began to disperse for dinner.

"You know your way, Mr. Hexham," said Mrs. Campbell, pointing. "Go through that side-door, and straight up and along the gallery."

Mrs. St. Julian had put her arm into her husband's, and walked a little way towards the house.

"Henry," she said, "thank heaven, all is well. Lord Mountmore heard from Bevis by this mail. Lady Jane has promised to show me the letter: she had heard nothing of that dreadful report."

"It was not likely," St. Julian said; "Ulleskelf only saw the paper by chance. I am glad you were so discreet, my dear."

"I should like to paint a picture of them," said Hexham to the housekeeper, looking at them once more before he hurried into the house.

The two were standing at the threshold of their home, Mrs. St. Julian leaning upon her husband's arm: the strong keen-faced man with his bright gallant bearing, and the wife with her soft feminine looks fixed upon him as she bent anxiously to catch his glance. She was as tall as he was: for St. Julian was a middle-sized man, and Mrs. St. Julian was tall for a woman.

Meanwhile Hexham, who was not familiar with the ways of the house, and who took time at his toilet, ran upstairs, hastily passed his own door, and went along a passage, up a staircase and down a staircase.

He found himself in the garden again, where the lights were almost put out by this time, though all the flowers were glimmering, and scenting, and awake still. There was a red streak in the sky; all the people had vanished, but turning round he saw—he blinked his eyes at the sight—a white figure standing, visionary, mystical, in the very centre of a bed of tall lilies, in a soft gloom of evening light. Was it a vision? For the first time in his life Hexham felt a little strangely; and as if he could believe in the super-nature which he sometimes had scoffed at, the young man made one step forward and stopped again.

"It is I, Mr. Hexham," said a shy clear voice. "I came to find some flowers for Emilia." It was Hester's voice. Surely some kind providence sets true lovers' way in pleasant places; and all they do and say has a grace of its own which they impart to inanimate things. The evening, the sweet stillness, the trembling garden hedges, the fields beyond, the sweet girlish *tinkle* of Hester's voice, made Hexham feel for the first time in his life as if he was standing at a living shrine, and as if he ought to fall down on his knees and worship.

"Can I help you?" he said. "Miss Hester, may I have a flower for my button-hole?"

"They are nothing but lilies," said the voice.

COURT-DRESS REFORM.

[Morning Post, Feb. 15.]

WE are suddenly put in possession of the first fruits of a Liberal Government. While speculation was rife as to Mr. Lowe's budget, and men were discussing the possibilities of Mr. Gladstone's Irish schemes; while Mr. Childers's economies were being tested, and Mr. Cardwell's savings keenly debated, the Lord Chamberlain bursts suddenly upon us in the bright effulgence of a real reform. We have petitioned, we have written and re-written, against the grotesque absurdity of the old Court dress. It was not a dress, but a costume, and if men were to go to Court in costume it was difficult to see why they should not adopt a becoming attire out of the many costumes of the times of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, rather than the one dress of the Georgian era most unsuited to the exigencies of taste or the simplicity of modern life. So hated was this absurd travesty that men took refuge from it in soldier-like deputy-lieutenants' uniforms, and when these were not obtainable the peaceable and inoffensive citizen arrayed himself in the gorgeous but unsuitable plumage of the Bucks Hussar, or wildly donned the kilt and bonnet of the London Scottish. The gentleman of the period may at last congratulate himself on being free from the necessity of either disguising himself in borrowed plumes or of donning the ridiculous old dress with its bag for wig, its *jabot*, its vast embroidered waistcoat, and other comic anachronisms. Lord Sydney has, by her Majesty's permission, issued a notice which virtually abolishes the old dress, although that is still to be allowed at Court if any one sufficiently eccentric can be found to wear it. The new attire is to be a dark-coloured cloth dress-coat, with gold-embroidered collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps, a white waistcoat, dark trousers of the same colour as the coat, with a gold-lace stripe. This uniform is therefore much the same as that of the civil and diplomatic servants of the Queen. It is understood, however, to be wished by those in authority that the "dark colour" should not be blue, to avoid confusion with the public service. Gentlemen are therefore left to a wide range of choice—chocolate, mulberry, green, invisible green, olive, all being available according to the fancy of the wearer. A sword similar to that worn with the civil uniform is to be carried, and a cocked hat completes the dress, for which, of course, the white neckcloth of modern life is indispensable. In this suit any one may present himself at a levee. At a drawing-room a distinction is made, and breeches are insisted

on of the same colour as the coat, with white or black silk stockings, shoes, and gilt buckles. Than this nothing can be better; shorts and silks are undoubtedly full dress, and, as such, are suitable for drawing-rooms, whilst the dress for levees is clearly the most judicious attire for the Englishman of to-day. We have to thank Lord Sydney for so excellent a reform that we have hardly the heart to find any fault with the rest of his Permissive Bill. Nevertheless, it is impossible to pass over its other clauses in silence. We will begin by granting that it is possible to wear a black silk velvet coat and breeches, which are to be permitted at drawing-rooms—for that is a dress which has been worn, we believe, by judges and other dignitaries, and is in itself handsome—but it is difficult to guess what extraordinary perversion of taste can have inspired our authorities when, having given the permission to gentlemen to wear a simple and very appropriate dress, approaching closely to the Civil uniform, they further allow them to don, if they so please, a black silk velvet dress coat, with a white or black waistcoat, and black velvet trousers. No one in this world has ever worn velvet trousers except a Parisian *débardeur*. His black velvet *pojamas* have no doubt entered into the many eccentricities of modern smoking costume, but where is the British citizen in the full possession of his senses who will come out in velvet from head to foot when broadcloth is still permissible? With the exception of these preposterous pantaloons, which it will require a bold man to wear, the Lord Chamberlain's notice affords a subject of genuine rejoicing. The public are emancipated for ever; it is the first divergence of a reformed Government from the old and odious Court dress; and Englishmen may now present themselves before their sovereign without that feeling of shame which resulted from the stupid travesty of either a bygone costume or from the absurd pseudo-military character which they have hitherto been forced to assume.

[Daily Telegraph, Feb. 15.]

GENTLEMEN who wait upon their sovereign are to have in future their choice of two complete dresses. They may wear at levees a dark-coloured cloth dress coat with a stand-up collar embroidered in gold, a white waistcoat, and dark-coloured cloth trousers, with a gold stripe down the seam; substituting for these last garments, on drawing-room days, "cloth breeches"—we use the Chamberlain's unaffected vernacular—and black or white silk hose. Or they may appear in a more subdued but

richer and more dignified dress, consisting, for levees, of "a black silk velvet dress-coat, with gilt, steel, or plain buttons, a white or black silk velvet waistcoat, black velvet trousers—did not Mr. Disraeli try black velvet trousers many years since?—a black cocked-hat, and a gilt or steel-hilted sword." At drawing-rooms, black silk velvet "breeches," with black silk hose, shoes, and gilt buttons are to be worn. A *tertium quid* remains. The present, or we hope we may say the late, Court dress, will be recognized at her Majesty's Court, so that if any ultra-conservatives in the matter of chocolate coats, bag-wigs, and "flower-pot" waistcoats, linger in courtly circles, they will be enabled to appear in the guise of Sir Anthony Absolute in the play. Surely these changes should gratify all classes and conditions of courtiers—from lord mayors and sheriffs, to honourable gentlemen who are asked to dine with the Speaker—from provincial aldermen who come up to St. James's with an address, to contractors for public buildings who are bidden to Buckingham Palace to be knighted. The dark-coloured cloth dress coat, with its accessories, will be a kind of uniform not unlike that worn by consuls, and a uniform having something military about it is ordinarily unobtrusive, yet picturesque. Two flunkeys hanging on behind a coach may be laughable objects; but five hundred flunkeys, all clad alike, would form a band of "retainers," and, their hair-powder notwithstanding, would look respectable. As for the silk velvet dress—we are glad the Chamberlain insists on the genuine article, for there may be sordid souls shameless enough to go to Court in velveteen—we venture to predict that it will become the most widely patronized of all the three Court dresses.

[Standard, Feb. 15.]

THE alterations which have just been sanctioned are of a very sensible kind. They enable private gentlemen to appear in a dress of much the same shape that they wear in ordinary life; one which we are accustomed to see in diplomatic and other civil uniforms; and one which they can wear at their ease as a costume "of the period," instead of feeling like fish out of water in a costume of the last century. The new fashions, too, are as ornamental as need be. If men are not satisfied with coats with gilt buttons, embroidered collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps; trousers with gold stripes down the sides, white waistcoats and cravats, cocked hats and swords, there can be no satisfying them at all. But even this dress is not without an alternative. They may,

if it so pleases them, wear a black silk velvet suit of similar shape, with white waistcoat at discretion, and buttons gold, steel, or plain, according to taste. Can man desire more than that? The latter costume, which is one of great dignity, and will probably be preferred by many to the former, is understood to be favoured by the Prince of Wales, and some time since its introduction as ordinary evening dress was gravely discussed, and extended, we believe, so far as a little experimentation. It owes its origin, however, to the late Conservative Premier, whose innovation in this direction caused consternation in society at the time; though those were days when Count D'Orsay, Louis Napoleon, Lord Chesterfield, and other daring dandies were allowed, like "those charming women" in the song, "to dress themselves just as they pleased." But whether as regards one dress or the other, one important institution is not abolished, as was too hastily asserted on Saturday by an evening contemporary, who deduced from the supposed fact an augury fatal to the maintenance of the established order of things in general. Breeches and stockings have not gone, as the writer asserts, with the park railings. They still exist, so there is hope for the Constitution—"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand." The designer of the new Court dress was evidently of opinion with the poet who asked, "Without black satin breeches, what is man?" So he reserved those interesting articles as still imperative at drawing-rooms, including, we may conclude, State balls; and men who are diffident about their legs may still have to stay away from Court upon occasions where ladies form part of the company.

[Daily News, Feb. 15.]

WHAT if Conservative wisdom has thrown away its fears too soon? Before the new House has met innovation has begun. We published on Saturday the terms in which the Court itself has capitulated to the reforming spirit of the time. "Court dress" is no longer to be required at Court. The monopoly of breeches is abolished, and "dark coloured cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat, with narrow gold-lace stripe on the sides," or plain black silk velvet trousers when a black silk velvet coat is worn, may make their appearance instead of the breeches. In one of the new forms of dress the levelling influence of Mr. Bright will be obvious. A black silk velvet dress-coat with single breast and straight collar, with collarless waistcoat and ordinary trousers of the same material, must surely be a

compromise with Quakerism. The retention of a little gold lace on the coat collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps is only a part of the compromise. That these new forms of dress will be picturesque without being absurd, and will be immense improvements on the cumbersome Court-dress now in use, is however beyond dispute; and it may be hoped that the partial assimilation towards our ordinary evening dress may tend to redeem the dress itself from some of its ugliness. But the worst absurdities of Court dress, the cocked hat and sword, are still retained. They are protests perhaps against the invasion of a mere republican simplicity. It would be impossible to ask the Lord Chamberlain to recognise a wide-awake or a chimney-pot; but now that he has invented something which may possibly lead to a reform of our evening dress, could he not strike out some new idea which would abolish cocked hats and chimney-pots together?

From The Spectator, 6 Feb.

COUNT BISMARCK ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

COUNT BISMARCK either is persuaded that Germany must fight before her new position in Europe can be a settled one, or he at least wishes to be thought to entertain this belief. His speeches in the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament on the ordinance for the confiscation of the private property of the ex-King of Hanover, and that on confiscating the property of the Elector of Hesse Cassel,—to both of which the House has assented by large majorities,—were very threatening. He did not so much defend himself against the charge of espionage, with reference to the measures taken to prove the existence of the Hanoverian conspiracy and legion, as avow that, much as he disliked espionage in the case of the internal enemies of Germany, it was a measure of simple self-defence. As usual, he did not

mince his language. "I was not born for a spy. This is not my nature. But we must pursue *these reptiles into their holes*, and see what they are about." The Count intimates grimly that he would much prefer to have the reptiles strangled on Prussian soil; but that as there is, unfortunately, in parts of Germany, not yet sufficient loyalty for that summary process, the disagreeable necessity of despatching spies to follow them, when they run to earth, cannot be avoided.

It is, however, Count Bismarck's expressions concerning the general threatenings of the war which create most uneasiness. They are evidently carefully calculated to stir up the warlike pride and alarm the self-restrained spirit of Germany. Count Bismarck admits that the situation was still graver in the autumn before the change of government in the Principalities, but his language is still alarming enough. For instance, "Without being able to rely on peace, peace has not the value that it ought to have for a great nation. A peace which is exposed to the danger of being disturbed every day, every week, is not peace in the true acceptance of the term. A war is often less prejudicial to the general prosperity than a peace so ill assured (Cheers)." Still more exciting in tone is the following, in reply to Herr Virchow;—"Yesterday Herr Virchow could not see the point of the sword which was directed against our heart. The same deputy has also not happened to see at all the hundreds of thousands of bayonets which were hovering in the air. I will remind him of the misfortune of that chamberlain of King Duncan, who was overtaken by sleep, and was unable to see the poignard of Macbeth. It is the duty of the Government to keep its eyes open and to keep a sharp look-out." France, at least, might fairly retort that it was Macbeth who was so wide awake as to see the dagger hovering in the air, and that that dagger was, doubtless, his own. Interpret it as you will, such language from the most powerful minister in Europe is, at all events, not *soothing*.

HOLLY BERRIES, OR DOUBLE ACROSTICS FROM THE POETS.—*Edited by A. P. A. (Hatchards).*—This is a charmingly got-up little volume in white and gold, containing a goodly number of those ingenious puzzles which have recently become so fashionable. If anything were wanted to render attractive this harmless,

if not very exciting, amusement of constructing acrostics, it would be found in such an unusually pretty little volume as the present, with its more or less occult selections from the poets. It might with propriety have been dedicated to the Acrostic Club.

London Review.